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Saturday Review

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By ROLAND GELATT

(See Recordings, page 47)

OF LITERATURE

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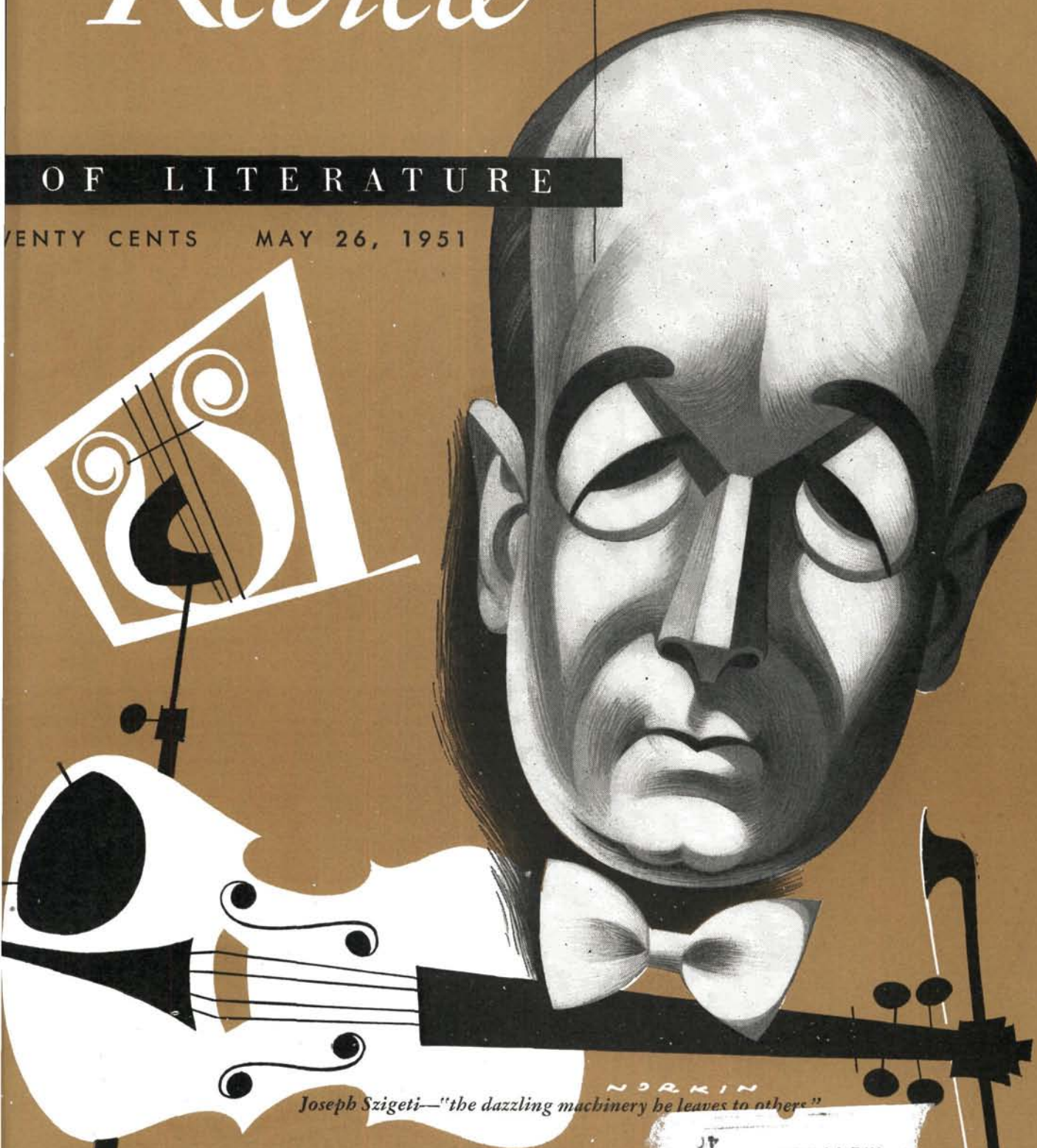

Joseph Szigeti—"the dazzling machinery he leaves to others"

Book Publishing: A Di a

By HAROLD K. GUINZBURG

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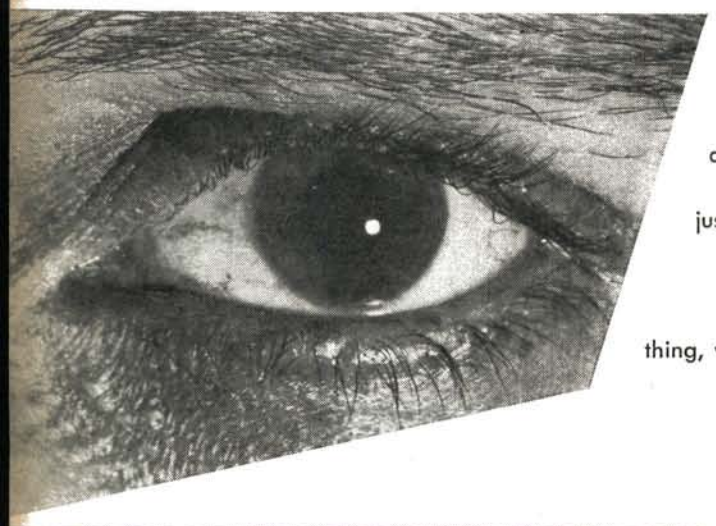
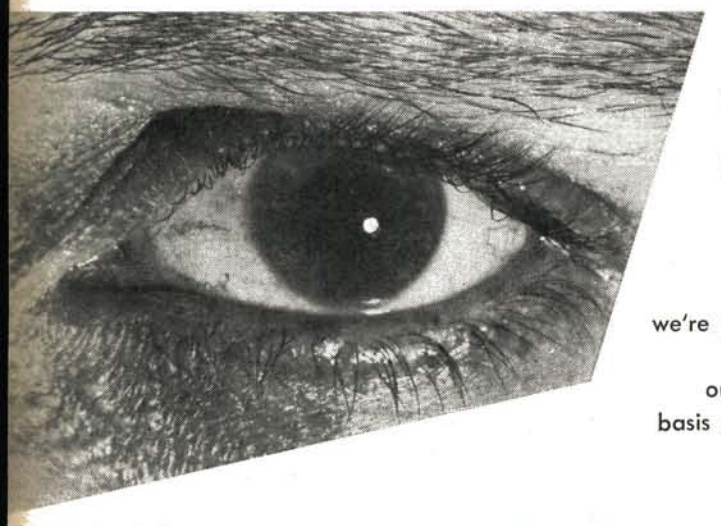
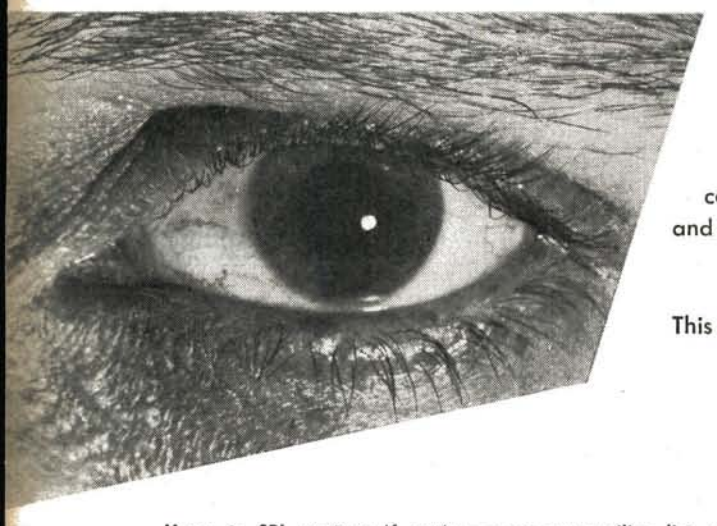


Keep your eyes on Brentano's! We don't mean just anybody, of course, we mean *you*—the literary public, the special kind of people who read and enjoy SRL, who read and enjoy books. You're pretty important, you know. The world of letters lives and breathes for you. Mountains of research accumulate finding the right book for you. This page, for one small example, was written just for you.

We've been selling books to people like you for 100 years, and you'd be surprised how much we've learned about you. For one thing, we know you won't buy a pig in a poke! And one reason Brentano's has been a progressive bookseller for a century is that we believe in giving people like you all the information we can about all the books you like, in a way you like!



That's why you'll be excited by our big book plan for Christmas, because it involves you! (Even though it's lilac time, book people are already hard at work on Christmas titles!) To reach people like you, we're taking 32 full pages in the November 17th issue of your SRL, the best book medium in the business, to tell you in an exciting new way about the best books for Christmas 1951! (It's the biggest single-issue magazine promotion in history by a retailer—excepting Sears Roebuck, of all people!)



For our list of Brentano readers (who are people like you too) we're printing and mailing 85,000 extra copies of our 32 pages with a special cover! And, as if that weren't enough, we're turning up our noses at all attempts to sell books like fresh vegetables, on the basis of newness, and including a group of old books that people like you have been reading and loving for years! *That* seemed so sensible that we went ahead and bought two full pages to talk about them in *The New Yorker*, and full pages in *The Washington Post* and *San Francisco Chronicle*, two fine daily papers in Brentano cities.

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Memo to eavesdropping publishers: If you've been listening in on this private conversation between Brentano's and the people who read books, please be advised that we're flying copies of this issue of SRL to you at the American Booksellers Convention in Cleveland, so all of you will know about the tremendous Brentano Christmas promotion too.

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This Week

May 26, 1951

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Features

Page

BOOK PUBLISHING: A DUBIOUS UTOPIA
By Harold K. Guinzburg..... 7

FREE SOULS & SLAVE
By August Heckscher..... 9

SRL RECORDINGS FOR JUNE.....47

Reviews

RUSSIAN PURGE AND THE EXTRACTION OF CONFESSION
Reviewed by Bertram D. Wolfe....10

BALKAN CAESAR
Reviewed by I. D. W. Talmadge....11

ELEVEN YEARS IN SOVIET PRISON CAMPS
Reviewed by Martin Ebon.....12

THE COMMUNIST TRAIL IN AMERICA
Reviewed by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. 13

UNITE OR PERISH
Reviewed by Albert Guerard.....14

THE KOREANS AND THEIR CULTURE
Reviewed by Mark S. Watson.....14

BARBARY SHORE
Reviewed by Maxwell Geismar....15

McDONOUGH
Reviewed by Joseph F. Dineen.....16

THE HEART OF FAME
Reviewed by Walter Havighurst....17

THE FOUNDLING
Reviewed by Harrison Smith.....17

THE STEPS OF THE QUARRY
Reviewed by Van Van Praag.....18

MARY GARDEN'S STORY
Reviewed by Carl Van Vechten....19

MUSIC RIGHT AND LEFT
Reviewed by Irwin Edman.....20

THE PERFECT CONDUCTOR
Reviewed by Roland Gelatt.....21

MUSIC IN THE LIFE OF ALBERT SCHWEITZER
Reviewed by Arthur Mendel.....21

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf..... 4

LITERARY I.Q.....12

EDITORIAL 22

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....24

NEW EDITIONS
By Ben Ray Redman.....27

SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown.....28

SRL GOES TO THE MOVIES
By Hollis Alpert.....30

TV AND RADIO
By Goodman Ace.....31

LITERARY CRYPT.....35

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL
By Horace Sutton.....36

THE CRIMINAL RECORD.....41

THE FILM FORUM
By Cecile Starr.....42

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 896.....45

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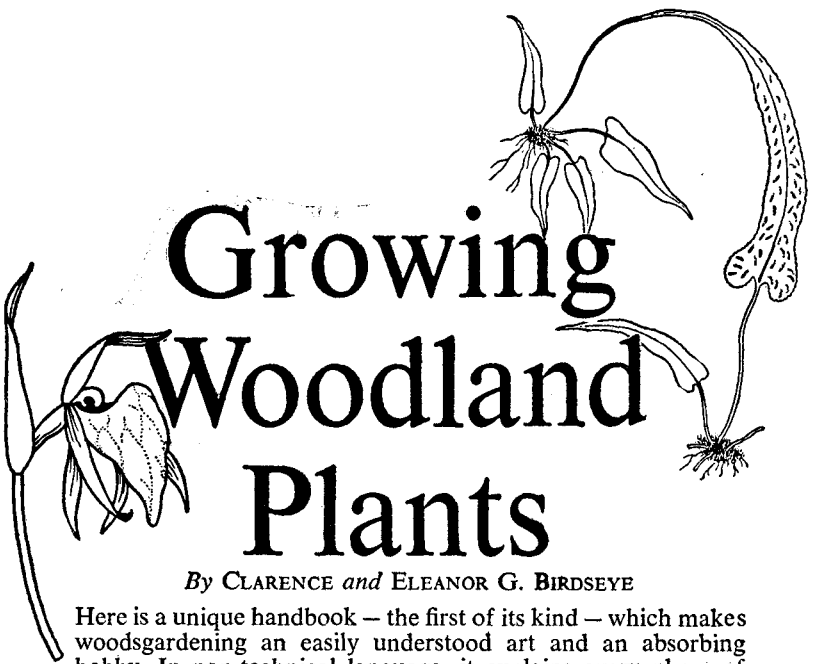

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TRADE Winds

THE BIG GUNS of the literary world are being wheeled into place preparatory to an all-out fall bombardment. John Marquand's "Melville Winthrop,

U. S. A.," the story of a retired general, is due from Little, Brown in October. John O'Hara's latest, as yet untitled, is scheduled for November 8. Louis Bromfield's upcoming "Mr. Smith" is the novel he's been working on for the last several years. Harper will ride it for all it's worth. John Hersey's series on Truman and S. N. Behrman's on Duveen, both *New Yorker* magazine features, should be available in book form before the holidays. John Steinbeck is working on "Salinas Valley," his most ambitious project since "The Grapes of Wrath." Thomas Mann's "The Holy Sinner" probably will get the nod from a major book club. Nicholas Monsarrat's "The Cruel Sex" already has one (BOMC). Laura Hobson's "The Celebrity" is sure fire. Margery Sharp, Bob Sylvester, Willard Motley, Robert Ardrey, and Maritta Wolff are returning to the chores. Gene Fowler has finished his biography of Jimmy Durante. Jack Lait and Lee Mortimer, who know a good thing when they tree one, are hard at work on "Hollywood Confidential." William Faulkner's "Requiem for a Nun" is one of his greatest. And Ernest Hemingway is reported to be well along with his biggest novel since "For Whom the Bell Tolls." It's just possible he'll finish it before winter. It's a glittering array that will be spread out in the bookstores this fall, all right. The problem remains: can the customers be lured within in sufficient numbers to make the game worth while?

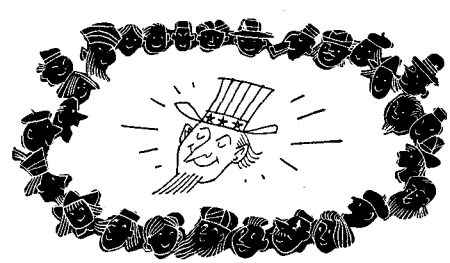
WASHINGTON: There's a great deal written about the confusion rampant in the Pentagon Building, but why doesn't someone say something about the beautiful girls? Special awards for charm and pulchritude are hereby bestowed upon Jane Lace, Lillian Blakeney, Marjorie Hargrove, and Bette Morton, the latter stationed just outside General Marshall's private office. The Copacabana line has nothing on that quartette! . . . General Marshall, incidentally, is looking fit as a fiddle these days, taking even the MacArthur crisis very much in stride and instilling everybody who meets him with renewed confidence and equanimity. . . . His dynamic assistant, Anna Rosenberg (known as "Junior" to her staff), has turned out to be exactly what the General ordered. "I'll tell you how I got her," boasted General Marshall. "I watched her doing a job with Stuart Symington and remembered what a big capitalist did when he lost an important case in court. I stepped right in and hired the other fellow's lawyer.". . . Mrs. Rosenberg's first move as Assistant Secretary of Defense was based on a sure knowledge of feminine psychology. She changed the heading on a big poster from "Procurement of Women" to "Recruitment of Waves.". . . General Electric's Charlie Wilson, pinch-hitting as director of the Office of

Defense Mobilization, says his job is something like running General Motors, U. S. Steel, Sears Roebuck, Montgomery Ward, General Foods, the CIO, the AFL, and Radio City Music Hall all at the same time; the forty-two billions appropriated to his department so far this year exceed the net assets of the lot of them put together! And yet the Government is using only 8 per cent of our great industrial machine today, with a maximum expectancy of 20 per cent (unless, of course, we become involved in total war). . . .

QUANTICO: Every man who enlists in the Marine Corps east of the Mississippi still goes to Parris Island for boot training; the Western contingent goes to San Diego. Quantico is reserved principally for training officers and teaching old sea dogs new tricks. Several hundred lieutenants now stationed there are Reserves who've had the life of Reilly for the past six years and aren't finding it too easy to get back to the exacting routine of a Marine officer. "They were real Marines when they got out in 1945," grumbled one instructor. "Now they're a bunch of fat, soft business executives. When we get through with them they'll be Marines again." He wasn't kidding. . . . It's a great thrill to see the superbly conditioned Regulars go through their paces, and now that at long last the Government has seen fit to authorize an increase in the Corps the U. S. Marines should add some stirring new pages to an already glorious history. . . .

After meeting Lt. Gen. Franklin A. Hart and watching an impressive demonstration of amphibious assault beach landing I had the pleasure of going up in a twin-rotor helicopter with the man who manufactures it, Frank Piasecki. Later Captain Dick Schriver, who croons while he flies, piloted me back to Floyd Bennett Field in Brooklyn in an hour and ten minutes flat. . . . Two days with the Marines convinced me that I must have a history of the Corps for American boys and girls in our new Landmark Series this fall. George Hunt, former Marine Major and now co-editor of military affairs at *Life* magazine, is going to do it. . . .

BREAKFASTING IN QUANTICO at my usual hour of 6 A. M. with Commander John Floyd and General Julius Ochs Adler, of *The New York Times*, we spied the formidable figure of Lew Rosenstiel, who is no Marine at all but the high nabob of Schenley Distillers. Until this meeting I hadn't realized that every time I quaffed a delicious beaker of Blatz Beer (advt.) I was adding my mite to the revenues of Schenley. (The rich get richer.) Mr. R. also enlarged upon a notion that caught all of our fancies. Why not, he said, import 5,000 guests a month from Europe and Free Asia to see the wonders of the USA for themselves? They would be wined and dined from New York to the Golden Gate (mostly at Government expense but partly through the cooperation and generosity of private citizens), shown what life in a democracy is like, taken to



show hits, ball games, factories, universities, libraries—and sent home finally, each and every one a lifelong friend and ambassador (we hope!)

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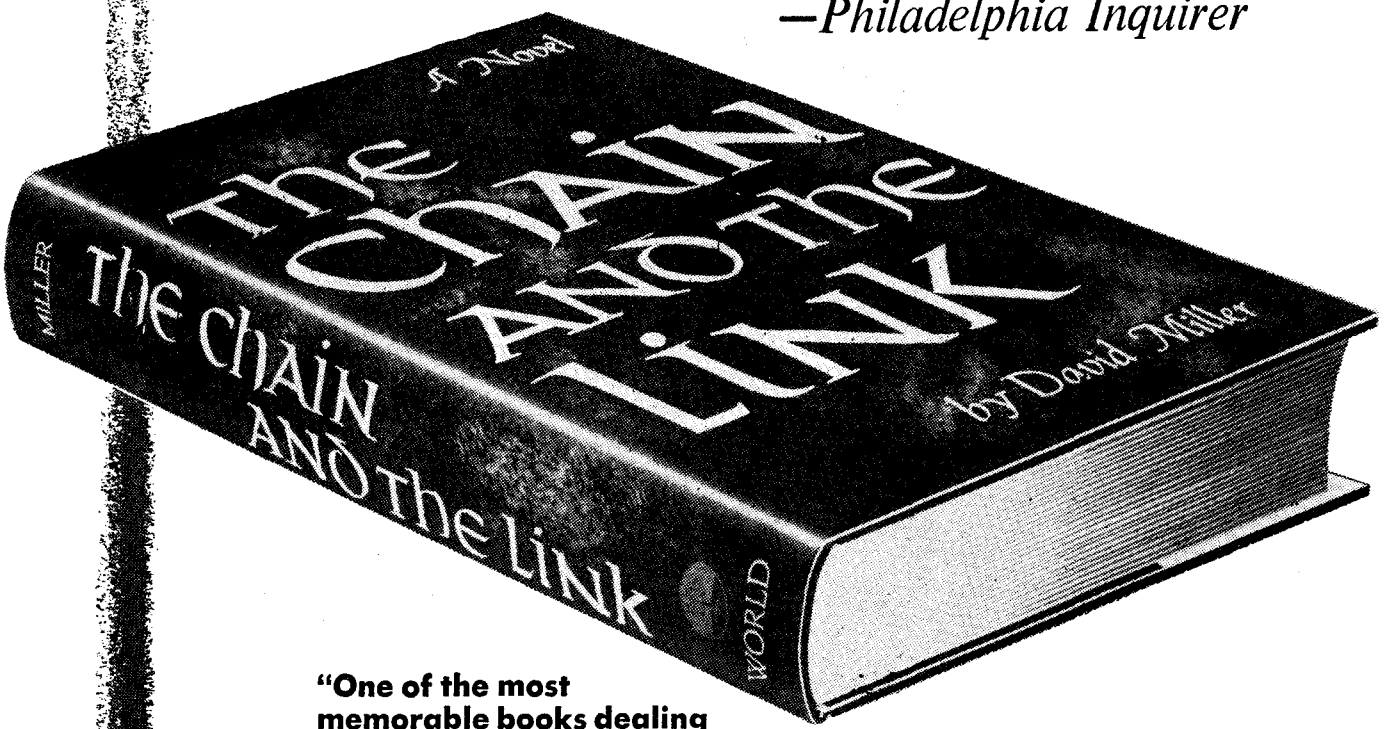

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"Few books have contained a more impressive distillation of human truth-groping than this novel. Lyrically written and accurately aimed at every reader who has speculated about life's meaning. A solid achievement by a new American author."—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

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"A book of special worth. I am conscious of pride in commending David Miller to his readers."—*Nathan Rothman, The Saturday Review*

"A deep vessel, filled to the brim with searching, striving, hopeful life."—*Gorham Munson*

"The most memorable quality is its tremendous vitality. Life roars and surges through it . . . vast in conception, as in scope, and mature in craftsmanship."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

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of the American way. The monthly cost of each contingent would just about equal the cost of one B-36. And, judging by pieces in the European press, we could well use 60,000 good new friends a year in those parts! . . . How would the 5,000 "ambassadors" each month be chosen? How could we prevent most of the berths being filled with political appointees, manipulators, chiselers, and even trained spies and make sure the contingents include the kind of men of good will we wanted most to convince? Mr. Rosenstiel hasn't gotten that far with his notion as yet. Have *SRL* readers any ideas to contribute on the subject?. . . .

AS THOUGH he didn't have enough problems in his business, a publisher I know has been brooding about his eight-year-old daughter, whose interest in life seemed confined exclusively to one subject: clothes. Arithmetic, history, and literature she disdained. All she did was pore through *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar*, and "What the Debutante Will Wear" columns in the newspapers. One evening, however, she came home from her progressive school and casually reported that the class had been told the facts of life in the approved bees-and-flowers manner. "At last," thought the gratified publisher, "my daughter has acquired a new interest." Eyes alight, he asked her: "Aren't there any questions at all about the things you heard today that you want to ask me?" "One," replied the daughter promptly. "Just what does a girl wear for a thing like that?" —Bennett Cerf.

None So Blind

By Carl Binger

BY GUESSING right I won the prize,
A pair of electronic eyes,
They handed me, amid the cheers,
One set of supersonic ears.
What luck, to contemplate realities
With these miraculous modalities;
But now the sun's rays deafen me,
Familiar things have ceased to be,
My best girl looks like fire-flies,
Spaced far apart and over size.
I play at blindman's buff with atoms
And spend my fateful hour on datums,
Describing microcosmic articles
Amid the aggregate of particles,
That limit space, in terms of time,
Like thoughts contained within a rhyme.
Oh, give me back my eyes again
And give me my imperfect ears,
That I may know the hearts of men
And still their everlasting fears.

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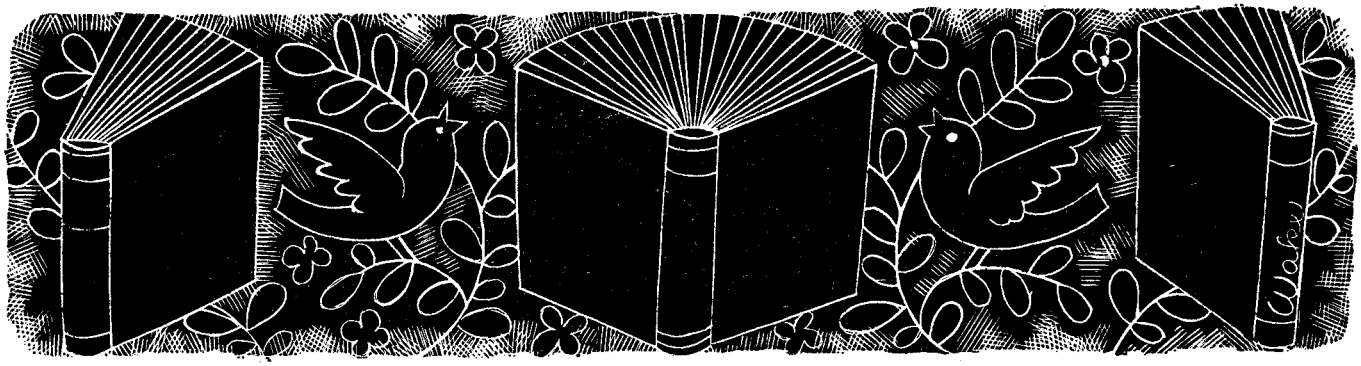

Book Publishing: A Dubious Utopia

HAROLD K. GUINZBURG

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following article was inspired by a conference of social scientists and book publishers recently sponsored by the Committee on Reading Development of the American Book Publishers Council to discuss the role of the serious book in American life. Harold K. Guinzburg, the author, is president of Viking Press, New York book publishers. Two other articles based upon this discussion have already appeared in* SRL: *"Bookworms and the Social Soil," by David Riesman (May 5) and "Who Reads What and Why?" by Bernard Berelson (May 12). In a later issue Lester Asheim of the University of Chicago will summarize the proceedings of the conference.*

IF PUBLISHERS a quarter of a century ago could have foreseen that in another twenty-five years America would be graduating three times as many young people from high schools and eight times as many from colleges they would have thought that they were approaching the promised land. If, in addition, they had known that this vastly enlarged public would have more leisure time and more purchasing power the prospects would have seemed unbelievably rosy. Somehow, it has not worked out that way. Instead, responsible publishers are probably more worried at the moment than ever before. They are wondering how long they can continue to issue many of the kinds of books they have always taken for granted would appear on their lists.

The general publisher is in an unusual position. He is living in a competitive capitalist society, in which it is necessary for him to operate his business soundly from a financial point of view not only so that there can be a return on the investment in his enterprise but also because authors will not bring him books unless they have confidence that their work will be actively promoted and that their royalties will be paid. At the same time the intelligent public and those who make up the book world expect him to play a useful social role as well, to act as the channel that carries the varied written word to the public that may be interested in it.

Most people who work in publishing are aware of this responsibility; they have usually chosen this field because of a genuine interest in the contents of books. They welcome best sellers and neither they nor anyone else objects to the publishing of books that are designed for entertainment, recreation, or "self-help." But it is also assumed that the important books of the past will continue to be available, that new talent will have a hearing, and that serious contemporary works, informative and cultural, will continue to be issued. It is in the last categories that the publisher's difficulty arises. It is here that he finds that too few of his titles are selling enough to justify their existence economically.

The problem is not that total book sales have failed to increase, for it is easy to demonstrate that they have been growing steadily for a great many years and almost spectacularly since before the last war. This is accounted for, first, by the spread of book clubs and, second, and more importantly in terms of volume, by the development of low-cost reprint editions. Useful as this new distribution may be, it affects only a relatively small proportion of the titles published annually. The others, which are not finding a bigger audience, have become more uneconomic to the publishers and less rewarding to the authors. Only a small part of the total output is benefiting from the enlarged market and thus achieving enough sales to offset approximately doubled costs. Raising retail prices of the titles that cannot hope to share in the widened market would only further discourage buyers and thus be no solution. The book of limited appeal is caught in an impossible economic squeeze.

IN looking for something to blame for an unhappy situation it is easy to point with alarm to television, to attribute our present troubles to its rapid spread, and to think with horror of the next generation habituated to looking only at a screen for its entertainment and education. Only a fool would dismiss the enormous impact of this new mechanical marvel. But television is only the latest, if the most dramatic, of the changes that have occurred in the world of communications. The problem of the fu-

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ture of the book involves more than the effect of any one competitive medium, however important it may be.

Book distribution is being influenced by the spread of mechanization, by the application of mass production and its sometimes underrated partner, mass distribution, to the fields of communication and entertainment. As in other aspects of our society, mass methods have brought both great benefits and grave new problems. Large-scale enterprise has self-evident value. It has dangerous elements as well. Americans have attempted to limit monopoly, and many have been concerned, as Justice Brandeis was, with "the curse of bigness," but the big continue to grow bigger and the small continue to find difficulty in surviving.

We may have some regrets that the corner grocer has given way to the A & P or that most handicrafts cannot compete with factories, yet we know that there are also economic gains in the development. But when we come to the realm of ideas the trend takes on a new significance. It is only in our relatively recent history that this conflict of interest has seemed clear in the entertainment and communication world. For centuries after Gutenberg the development of communication moved at what seems in retrospect a leisurely pace, although there were innumerable mechanical advances. A dynamic new factor was added, especially in America, when the development of widespread advertising gave an enormous impetus to newspapers and helped create mass-magazine circulations. Then, in our own time the inventions that produced movies, radio, and, finally, television altered the picture completely. For better or worse the age of the mass audience was established.

If one looks at the means of communication other than books a significant pattern of what has been taking place over the years emerges, a pattern from which we must take a warning, if it is not already too late. The theatre is the most conspicuous casualty. Today it produces hit shows which attract audiences unprecedently large by any prior standard. But fewer plays are produced. For years the number has been declining. Less than a third as many productions reach Broadway now as did in the Twenties. The rest of the country, once full of flourishing "road" and stock companies, gets almost nothing. A few successes make a great deal of money, most of the rest have brief runs, and the number that never get written or produced because of the commercial difficulties is incalculable.

In the newspaper field the movement towards concentration, though slower, has been progressing for over forty years. In a book called "The First Freedom," published in 1946, Morris Ernst, a practical as well as a passionate advocate of free speech, examining the newspaper business (along with radio and movies), showed how the independents were gradually dropping by the wayside, leaving readers in most communities of the country with no choice in their daily-paper possibilities. In the last thirty years total newspaper circulation has risen almost 60 per cent, but the number of daily papers serving the nation is down from over 2,300 to less than 1,800. Those that belong to the strong, well-established chains are more likely to survive than independents. Most of the opinion—as well as the comic strips—now carried by the press is syndicated material, much of it, to be sure, of a higher professional level than many of the smaller papers used to command. But the opportunity for choice is diminishing, and journalism has become increasingly standardized.

WITHOUT embarking too far in the risky business of evaluating quality, a consideration of what has happened in recent years in New York City tells a story clearly enough. The number of papers has been greatly reduced. Since they were started in the early Twenties the New York tabloid *News* and *Mirror* have found between them well over 3,000,000 weekly customers (many more on Sunday). During the same period *The New York Times* and the *Herald Tribune*, with less competition in their own class, have achieved a combined circulation increase of only about one-tenth as much. There has been only one newcomer, which in various incarnations continues to struggle on with a trifling readership. It is fine for the rugged individualist to say that anybody who does not like the present situation can start a new paper. In practice the only new venture that has proved to be of any consequence in a big city for many years was backed in Chicago by Marshall Field's great fortune and his willingness to use it.

The magazine field is harder to analyze, for the big-circulation magazines, which are larger than ever before, probably contain a good deal more that is of serious content than they did in an earlier day. Yet, when Clifton Fadiman examined the recent past in his article "The Decline of Attention" in *The Saturday Review*'s twenty-fifth anniversary issue (Aug. 6, 1949) he pointed particularly to the existence currently of "only two serious monthly magazines of general appeal," *Harper's* and *The Atlantic*. Their circulation has risen some since the Twenties, but during the period most of the others that used to attract the same sort of audience have disappeared. Meanwhile we have had the fabulous and unprecedented success of *Life*, with a circulation of over 5,000,000, and *The Reader's Digest*, with more than 8,000,000 copies per issue. We have also had a large number of other successful periodicals aimed at the big market, among them *Look*,

(*Continued on page* 39)

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Free Souls & Slave

AUGUST HECKSCHER

"THE OBSCUREST epoch," said Stevenson, "is today"; and the obscurest country, by the same token, is very probably one's own. Two books* have just appeared to cast their gleams into the particular obscurity that is the USA, one by a sensitive and experienced European diplomat, the other by the editors of *Fortune*. In many respects they are unlike. Dr. Stefan Osusky, former Czech ambassador to Britain and France, labors under the burden of the European's disenchantment, conscious in every subtle phrase of the intellectual skepticism which any defense of America must overcome. The journalists who toil in anonymity behind the scenes of *Fortune* suffer from no such disadvantage; indeed, there is an apology in the introduction for what some may take to be too blatant a patriotism. Yet underneath the difference in tone and approach there are similarities of a revealing kind. Both books ask how it is possible that a country so seemingly materialistic as the USA, so in love with mechanization, so devoted to worldly goods, can take upon itself the spiritual leadership of the free world.

An answer to that question has been given, of course, by a considerable number of European intellectuals. The novelist François Mauriac speaks for them all when he asserts that the United States cannot legitimately claim such leadership; it is a country mortgaged to the same values as its enemy. "It is not what separates the Soviet Union and the United States that should frighten us," writes Mauriac, "but on the contrary that which they have in common. Their ideological oppositions are perhaps less to be feared by us than their agreement regarding the scale of human values. These two technocracies which think of themselves as adversaries are dragging humanity in the same direction of 'dehumanization.'" Of such thinking is the whole dangerous movement of "neutralism" built. And Americans, who may be a little confused as to just what their country does represent, can be united on the conviction that it represents something very different from the Soviets.

The neutralists at least escape the vulgar errors of a narrowly Marxist interpretation. The idea that Russia has seen the true Revolution while the United States writhes in unregenerate capitalism, a living insult to the inevitable forces of history, does not mislead these intellectuals. The majority of them would probably agree with Dr. Osusky in remarks upon the upheaval of 1917. "Like a thief in the night," he says, "Stalin stole the Russian Revolution, made it his, and used it as an instrument of Georgian vengeance." What the neutralists do is to go beneath the contemporary ideologies. They think of themselves as being aloof and invulnerable, not because they are Socialists but because they are civilized. They see in America and Russia, not the results of different economic developments, but the results of similar preoccupation with the techniques of domination and control.

DR. OSUSKY in his book has a good deal to say about Soviet Russia and its struggle with the United States. He has himself participated three times in national movements to overthrow oppressive regimes—against the Austro-Hungarian Empire, against the Nazis, and now against the Communists of Klement Gottwald. He has no illusions about the latest adversary. Yet seen in perspective the Slav-Russian, he says, has "great potentialities for good." The suspicion of strangers, the hatred of Europeans, the lack of any understanding of law, the repeated submissions to tyrants—all this has coarsened and distorted the Slav soul; but it has not been rationalized even under Communism into the demonic nihilism of a Nietzche. The worst remains unrepresentative and leaves significant portions of the Russian story untold. In the end the question remains "whether these two halves now arrayed as military camps can live side by side for any appreciable length of time without ruining themselves and without shattering their nerves by the terrific strain of perpetual agitation."

Meanwhile what can the United States offer to free men to sustain and inspire them through such a struggle? The editors of *Fortune*, with the brooding mind of Russell Davenport

—*Tom Gray in the* Chicago Times.

"I Am the Captain of My Ship. . . ."

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.

"Time to Turn Over a New Leaf."

—*Burck in the* Chicago Sun-Times.

"From Every Mountain Side. . . ."

*U. S. A.: The Permanent Revolution. By the Editors of Fortune. New York: Prentice-Hall. 267 pp. $3.75.

*THE WAY OF THE FREE. By Stefan Osusky. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 320 pp. $3.75.

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very much in evidence, take their stand upon the basic tenets of American political philosophy. The eighteenth-century concepts of freedom and equality, they argue, are as applicable today as when they were made the foundation stone of the Declaration of Independence; and they are as valid across the globe as on this continent. The task is to make them operative within the modern context. The inalienable right of a man to realize his potentialities, to fulfill himself, to enter upon his destiny is "the Proposition" upon which all else rests. To the extent that this is rendered meaningful in economic relationships the fabric of capitalism is shot through with the gold threads of spirituality and humanism.

What has actually happened to American capitalism becomes, therefore, of crucial importance. It is not necessary to maintain that the economic system conforms to everything Jefferson would have desired in a commonwealth; all that needs to be shown is the leaven of the ideal at work. The authors of both books undertake a convincing demonstration. Dr. Osusky writes about "The People's Capitalism"; the *Fortune* editors about "The Transformation of American Capitalism." The development of capitalism in Europe, Dr. Osusky contends, was greatly influenced by the feudal order out of which it emerged. The triumph of the new system was won at the price of important concessions to the old. A certain rigidity, a continuance of caste, an emotional aloofness from the masses was carried over to temper the spirit of the bourgeoisie. Big business keeps the form of cartels; and smaller firms, as in France today, have remained in the exclusive ownership of small families with an almost pathological aversion to borrowing from the banks or to selling stock on the open market. In contrast to this American capitalism is ventilated, popular, diversified, and free. It is destined to become more so as it is brought within the circle of the ideals and values that have animated American government from the start.

THE EVIDENCE presented by *Fortune* is indicative of future trends. Big modern enterprise is being run by hired management, and the manager is becoming increasingly a professional. His concern is "doing a good job" in the sense of making money steadily year in and year out through an institution that serves and satisfies a number of groups and interests. His responsibility is not merely to the owners nor to the stockholders, employees, or consumers but ultimately to society itself. Within the individual

(*Continued on page* 32)

The Soviet Dance of Death

RUSSIAN PURGE AND THE EXTRACTION OF CONFESSION. By F. Beck and E. Goodin. New York: Viking Press. 277 *pp.* $3.50.

By BERTRAM D. WOLFE

"NO ONE knows what kind of government it is," Tolstoy once wrote, "until he has been in its prisons." The authors of this study have been in Soviet prisons, and in serene, detached fashion, as if their personal suffering had been no more than an opportunity to study a fearful yet fascinating phenomenon, they have written a treatise on Soviet prisons, concentration camps, purges, and confessions, and offered some thoughtful and seminal conclusions as to what these teach concerning the true nature of the Soviet state.

The history of mankind reveals no phenomenon quite like the mass purges of 1936 to 1938, purges which embraced a wide variety of humanity: idealists and cynics, Old Bolsheviks, Red Partisan heroes of the Civil War, close associates of Lenin, presidents of Soviet Republics, secretaries of regional Communist parties, members of the Soviet General Staff, veterans of the Czarist underground, Soviet scientists and intellectuals, "honored guests" and Comintern leaders from other lands, members of the Central Committee and the Politburo, holders of the Order of Lenin and the Order of the Red Banner, high officers of the NKVD. Examining magistrates often landed in the same cells and concentration camps with men whom a few months earlier they had tortured, "confessed," and sentenced to jail. And there were millions of common workers, simple peasants, members of national minorities, as well as nomadic tribes that would not settle down and nomadic tribes that had settled down.

With incredulity and wonder the world has asked an unending series of questions to which there have been but dim and fragmentary answers. Could virtually the whole General Staff be agents of foreign powers? Did Lenin really surround himself with traitors . . . all but one? Could a leading committee of traitors carry through a revolution they wished to betray? Does the Soviet regime enlist so little loyalty that the plotters against it run into the millions? Was there ever in the whole history of mankind any regime that produced treason on such a mass scale? What manner of "trials" are these which turn off prisoners faster than America's belt conveyors do bolts and nuts? What makes men confess to crimes they manifestly could not have committed? How did it happen that even the judges, the prosecutors, and the chiefs of the secret police followed each other into death or oblivion? What is the rationale behind this irrational parade to the prisons and dance of death?

The only response so far to these troubling questions has come from two novels: Koestler's "Darkness at Noon" and Victor Serge's "The Case of Comrade Tulayev." The answers were suggestive, even harmonize with the present study; but in this fantastic realm fiction lags far behind fact. Now fate has enabled two able observers, who shared one cell in prison, to return from the "dark side of the moon." One was a Soviet historian, the other a German scientist. Both were sympathetic to the regime that ensnared them in its monstrous net. No cry of anguish, no word of personal suffering escapes their lips. With the detachment of scientist or historian they questioned cellmates, elicited stories from former NKVD men and examining magistrates, re-

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corded the mechanism of confession, gathered reports at second hand and third from men transferred from other prisons and veterans of more than one arrest and sentencing. The result of their involuntary and voluntary investigations is the first scientific treatise on this weird phenomenon. It is by no mean overtitled when it calls itself: "Russian Purge and the Extraction of Confession." Indeed, it does more than it promises, for the last chapter, laconically entitled The Theories, analyzes the insights these phenomena give into the nature of the whole regime.

They tend to underplay the personal element—the role played by the temperament and character of Stalin himself. They miss the fact that when a "secretary" of a Central Committee purges fifty out of seventy-one members of the Committee whose "servant" he is, and a majority of all State officials, Party secretaries, and Party members, a coup d'état has taken place. But with these two reservations I cannot think of a single theory which the entire literature of Soviet studies has turned up that is left out of their reckoning. When the authors soberly calculate that the purge has made more enemies for the regime than it has removed and that the very nature of this state makes more such purges inevitable no one who has read the book can disagree. For government by purge is an integral part of this new system of state-decreed fixity of the citizen, state-decreed official truth, state-determined categories of "potential" and "thought-crime" enemies, state determined feelings, thoughts, and culture, in an absolutist, bureaucratic, *apparatchik* state that is total in its scope and universalist in its aspirations, that wages psychological and physical war on its own people even more than it does on other peoples, and is presided over by an autocratic leader who is infallible in all fields embraced by the all-embracing state.

Bertram D. Wolfe is the author of "Three Who Made a Revolution" and other works on Russia.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 895)

[ARTHUR M.] SCHLESINGER, JR.:

THE VITAL CENTER

Ideology and logic play a minimal part in the appeal of totalitarianism. . . . Members of the party *enjoy* the discipline, . . . the release from individual responsibility, and the affirmation of comradeship in organized mass solidarity.

When the Devil Is Sick...

BALKAN CAESAR: Tito vs. Stalin. By Leigh White. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 229 pp. $2.75.

By I. D. W. TALMADGE

LET IT be said at the very outset that Leigh White has written a highly readable, informative, sober estimate of the Tito regime in Yugoslavia.

There is a saying in Washington that if all the experts on Tito's Yugoslavia were stretched end to end they still could not reach a conclusion. Broadly speaking, our experts and "experts" seem to fall into three categories.

Category A are the apologists who would have us believe that since Tito is against Stalin he is therefore a democrat.

Category B are the "purists" who admitting that Tito may be helpful to the Western cause still would not have us "soil our hands" by entering into any deal with him.

Finally, there is Category C—the "realists." They are the boys who favor all-out aid to Tito, with no strings attached, lest we "antagonize" a powerful potential ally.

Leigh White's position, we are happy to report, does not fit into any of these categories. He has no illusions about the true nature of Titoism. To him "Titoism is a lesser evil than Stalinism for one reason only: Yugoslavia, alone, is but a minor threat to our security."

He warns that we must not make a false distinction between Titoism and Stalinism. "If we depend on Titoism to stem the advance of Stalinism, as we depended on Stalinism to stem the advance of Hitlerism, we shall end up by coming to terms with Titoism as we came to terms with Stalinism to our undoing in 1945."

Mr. White concedes that Tito's Yugoslavia is essential to the defense of Western Europe. But he suggests that

> we be just as skeptical and as hypercritical in dealing with our erstwhile enemy Tito as we have been in dealing with our Greek, Turkish, and Iranian allies. If it is the course of wisdom to demand reforms in Greece, Turkey, and Iran is it not the course of folly to tolerate the myriad abuses of Communism in Yugoslavia? We have no right nor have we the desire to exact material concessions from any of our beneficiaries. But we do have the right, indeed we have the most solemn of moral obligations, to exact the utmost in spiritual concessions from every tyrant who presumes to traffic with our alms.

—*Erich Hartmann.*

Leigh White—"no illusions about Titoism."

Mr. White is in no mood to forget and forgive. He had covered the Balkans during the war years and had the opportunity to observe first-hand the "bolshevization" of that region and the part played in it by Tito and his henchmen. A keen and competent reporter, he foreshadowed many of the subsequent developments in his book "The Long Balkan Night," published in 1944.

In his present volume he serves to remind us of facts frequently overlooked by people with short memories. It was only a few years ago that Tito, still at the time Uncle Joe's favorite "nephew," had shot down our unarmed planes. Up to the very day of his rift with Moscow Tito continued to aid the Communist guerrillas in Greece in defiance of U. N. protests. To be sure, Tito sings a different tune today. But so did Stalin in 1942, when he needed our lend-lease aid. "When the devil is sick the devil a saint would be . . ."

It was Stalin who put Tito in the saddle. But he did it with an able assist from us and the British. We followed Britain's lead in switching our support from Drazha Mikhailovich's Chetnicks to Josip Tito's Partisans. Both London and Washington were taken in by Moscow. Winston Churchill, who should have known better, declared in Commons on January 18, 1945: "I am the earliest outside supporter of Marshal Tito. It is more than a year since in this House I extolled his guerrilla virtues to the world. . . . I earnestly hope that he may prove to be the savior and unifier of his country as he is undoubted-

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ly at this time its undisputed master."

We supplied Tito with arms and later with UNRRA aid (to the extent of $407,000,000) to help bolster his regime. The UNRRA mission in Yugoslavia, according to the author, was placed under Russian control, headed by an official of the MGB, the Soviet secret service.

"Balkan Caesar" begins with a brief account of Josip Brozo-Tito's checkered career as a Soviet agent—his training in Moscow, his service in Spain, Austria, and again in Yugoslavia. It then proceeds to describe the formation of the two rival Yugoslav guerrilla organizations in 1941, the ensuing civil war between the Chetniks and the Partisans, the Allied betrayal of Mikhailovich, the "liberation" of Yugoslavia, the establishment of a "people's democracy," and the triumph of Tito in 1945.

The remaining chapters of the book trace the rise of national Communism in the Yugoslav Party, the feud between Little Joe and Big Joe, and the subsequent expulsion of Titoland from the Cominform.

All told Mr. White has done a workmanlike job. "Balkan Caesar" deserves a wide audience. It is a neat dissection of Titotalitarianism.

I. D. W. Talmadge is foreign affairs editor of Scholastic Magazine.

USSR Horror Story

ELEVEN YEARS IN SOVIET PRISON CAMPS. By Elinor Lipper. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. 310 pp. $3.50.

By Martin Ebon

AT LAST fall's Paris trial of a Communist magazine resulting from a libel suit by David Rousset a dark-eyed, tense young woman was one of the most dramatic witnesses. She was Elinor Lipper, a former German Communist and a Swiss citizen, who had spent most of her adult life in Soviet labor camps. She testified on the realities of the Siberian mines, and this book is a full account of her experiences.

It seems impossible to convey, even in such a dramatic eye-witness report as this, the underlying currents that exist in the Soviet Union. Not since "Darkness at Noon" has there been a truly stirring account of the basic horrors of Soviet life. This book, with its thorough documentation and convincing detail, is no exception to the difficulty. You believe every word of it, and the terror is packed tightly, but it is almost too much.

There has as yet been no really sweeping and deeply disturbing treatment of either the Nazi concentration camps or the Soviet labor camps. The eyewitness accounts are more impressive, of course, than the statistics that speak of many millions of victims; but it takes something else to break through the layers of public apathy.

The author's experiences give a clearer picture of the Soviet scene and the climate of the Soviet state than do a dozen popular magazine articles and a bushel of syndicated columns. Still, something else is probably needed. The relatively small group that is fully aware of the character of the Stalinist state needs no further convincing. Miss Lipper's book should be in the hands of all those who are too passive to be truly concerned about the super-police state.

Well, what does it take? A television camera? Perhaps something like the Rousset trial before the eyes of the U. S. video audience? Is this perhaps an area of public concern where books, even if written by eyewitnesses, simply do not get close enough to the public? Possibly. Reader identification in an account of the Soviet prison system is too vicarious, I imagine; it's a long way from Elm Street to Magadan—and only Henry Wallace made the trip, and he was thoroughly fooled by the Stalinists' Potemkin-type display of prosperity and joy.

Miss Lipper has gone the long and bitter road of suffering and despair. She speaks of it calmly. Her accounts of the individual experiences of others are poignant facets of contemporary Soviet existence. Elinor Lipper, by the accident of her Swiss citizenship, was one of the few who crossed the Soviet frontier and lived to tell the story of Soviet slave labor. She is, obviously, a woman of courage. She deserves many readers, men and women who must surely feel humble toward the author and, incidentally, be filled with best wishes for her future well-being.

Martin Ebon is the author of "World Communism Today."

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

SOME LITERARY GENTLEMEN PREFER BRUNETTES

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to identify ten dark heroines of literature by the following incidents in their stories. Allowing five points for each lady you can name and another five for the author who created her, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 35.

1. Her outlaw family was infuriated when she was rescued from starvation and freezing by the daring young man who had loved her since she was eight years old.
2. She was the farmer's daughter who became the unhappy second wife of an unromantic French doctor.
3. While stoically protecting the man in the case this brunette was forced to wear a symbol of her shame.
4. Her husband, whom she called Poldy, sold the combings of her raven hair for ten bob when they were badly in need of money.
5. The day after her betrothal to the son of a blacksmith a royal edict ruthlessly exiled all the inhabitants of her village.
6. This English poetess drank the porter she loathed in a desperate attempt to keep peace in the family.
7. Having been prevented from eloping with a prince, whom she later learned was already married, this Russian brunette swallowed a little arsenic.
8. Her own face substituted for the one that had been cut away from the portrait of herself, behind which she was hiding, this Irish actress was betrayed by a tear that ran down her cheek.
9. Shortly after this American brunette with a dowry became the bride of an Englishman with a title she disappeared so mysteriously that Sherlock Holmes was consulted.
10. As everyone knows, this French courtesan died of consumption after renouncing her only love.

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He Was an Agent for the FBI

THE COMMUNIST TRAIL IN AMERICA. By Jacob Spolansky. New York: Macmillan Co. 187 pp. $3.50.

By ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

THE CREDENTIALS of Jacob Spolansky are worth examination. Mr. Spolansky, a Ukrainian who migrated to this country before the First War, became a confidential agent for Army Intelligence in 1918. From 1919 to 1924 he was an agent for the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice (now known as the FBI); in this capacity he supervised the Palmer raids in the Chicago area. From 1927 to 1933 he was in charge of industrial relations for the Detroit Employers Association, running at the same time the Detroit office of the National Metal Trades Association. Subsequently he worked for the Wayne County police and as a consultant on "plant protection" for Chrysler. From 1938 to 1944 he undertook special assignments for the Dies Committee.

The nuances of a record like this perhaps require further comment. The period 1919-24 was the low point of the Bureau of Investigation. Under Harry Daugherty as Attorney-General (who called Burton K. Wheeler "the Communist leader in the Senate") and William J. Burns as chief the Bureau ran wild. Its work was inefficient and irresponsible; there was no discipline and very little supervision. When Harlan F. Stone became Attorney-General in 1924 one of his first acts was to get rid of Burns and to reorganize and reform the Bureau. In this house-cleaning process many operatives identified with the Burns regime lost their jobs. It was in 1924, it should be noted, that Mr. Spolansky (who refers approvingly to the "internationally famous William J. Burns") left the Bureau.

Mr. Spolansky's activities in the late Twenties and Thirties are even more interesting. These were the days when the automobile companies were making their desperate last stand against unionism in Detroit. They were ruthless in their determination to use any means, no matter how squalid or shocking, to prevent labor organization. Their methods of infiltration, espionage, intimidation, and physical assault were indistinguishable from those of the Communists themselves. The William J. Burns Detective Agency was a leader in this field; and its record as well as that of Mr. Spolansky's National Metal Trades Association is spread at length in the hearings of the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee. It is safe to say that the National Metal Trades Association, the Detroit Employers Association, the "plant protection" scheme at Chrysler, and their counterparts through the country created more Communists than Earl Browder ever did. And Mr. Spolansky was in the center of all this until he was translated to the high realm of service for the Dies Committee.

"The Communist Trail in America" is the product of this background. Where Mr. Spolansky writes from personal knowledge, as in the case of the Bridgman raid of 1922, he is often interesting; and he contributes useful characterizations of some of the early Party leaders. But modesty is not his main characteristic. He boasts of his "penetrating insight" into the Party and its methods and can write of a letter of resignation to the Sheriff of Wayne County in 1938 that it "exploded upon the benumbed citizens of Detroit like an atom bomb" (tell that to the benumbed citizens of Hiroshima). Much of the book proceeds from the conviction that the Bonus Army, the sitdown strikes (indeed, most strikes), the Detroit race riots, and so on were all of Communist contrivance. One misses only the demonstration of how the Communists ingeniously caused Hoover prosperity and sabotaged the Great Depression.

There is no question that the Communists have exploited bad situations wherever they could; but the situations had to exist before they could be exploited. It is a fatal mistake to suppose that there would have been no Bonus Army, no strikes, no racial tensions without the Communist Party (however much such a Machiavellian picture of the CP may help the detective business). And some of Mr. Spolansky's cases are quite unconvincing. If the Communists fomented the Detroit race riots of 1943, as Mr. Spolansky claims, then they were flying in the face of Party policy, which at that point vehemently subordinated everything, including the aspirations of the Negro, to the top priority of getting war goods to Russia. But evidence is not Mr. Spolansky's strong point; and his invented conversations are no substitute.

"The Communist Trail in America" is essentially a slap-dash presentation of Communist conspiratorial activities in the last quarter century. It contains very little which is new, and its claims for Communist influence are often fantastic. Yet most of the activities described certainly took place if not exactly in the way Mr. Spolansky tells them. With all the discounts made the residue is still appalling. Some of our sentimental liberals who will object to Mr. Spolansky's methods would do well to search their own consciences. The Spolanskys are the price demanded for their own years of complacency in the face of this totalitarian horror.

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. is the author of "The Vital Center."

"I didn't promise you the job—I merely gave my word of honor I'd get it for you."

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Europe's Way Out

UNITE OR PERISH. By Paul Reynaud. New York: Simon & Schuster. 214 pp. $3.

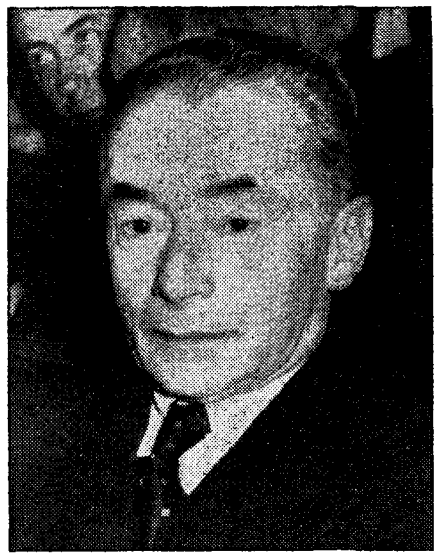
By Albert Guerard

PAUL REYNAUD is a big man in miniature, a great man with disconcerting flaws. He advocated economic partnership with Germany immediately after the First World War. He discovered De Gaulle. He accepted Churchill's offer of a complete Franco-British Union. He refused to capitulate. He suffered years of imprisonment for his faith. He is now fighting for a United Europe with lucidity, with pertinacity against the sullen, muddle-headed, obstinate opposition of the British Labor Government. On the other hand, we can hardly forget his record just before the catastrophe; it is found in the devastating book by Robert de Saint-Jean: "Démocratie, Beurre et Canons"; Saint-Jean, an honest, able, conservative observer, knew the Reynaud circle from within.

Even today his thought is strangely compounded of generosity and unreasoning phobias. Like most of us, he is a victim of the Manichean delusion: we (whoever *we* may be) are the Children of Light; the Others are darkness absolute. It may be common hysteria; it certainly is not common sense. And in a Europe whose sole hope of survival lies in liberal Socialism of the Anglo-Scandinavian type Reynaud is an aggressive anti-Socialist. This makes him a major obstacle to the very cause he is so anxious to promote.

Perhaps these thoughts are aggravated because this book, the rather hasty result of a lecture tour, was intended for the American public and attempted to flatter our present mood. But we have no use for European yes-men. We need European criticism—intelligent, friendly, and fearless.

Reynaud's argument seems to me irrefutable. Divided Europe would fall an easy prey to the united Soviet world. Even if our isolationists and our Chiang Kai-shek Firsters ceased to oppose the national policy America could not save Europe: we could only liberate her through total destruction. Europe—and on this point I agree with Mr. Hoover—must save herself. But there can be no common defense unless there is a common purpose and common interests to defend. Europe alone could not bear the cost of effective rearmament unless her wealth increased tremendously through an economic development on an American scale. And this can never be achieved by the pitiful autarchies of sixteen small and jealous nations. Almost incidentally, a United Europe alone could solve the age-long Franco-German conflict. It would be criminal folly for the French to permit the rearmament of an independent Germany; it would be no less foolish and no less criminal for them to deny the Germans absolute equality. A European army is the only way out.



—*Wide World.*

Paul Reynaud—"irrefutable argument."

In his last chapter—by far the most valuable—The Council of Europe, Reynaud shows that France is now committed to a United Europe; Germany and Italy are willing; England is opposed. The British are never short of alibis. At one time it was pragmatism: "Not yet; hasten slowly," an ironic advice to a continent threatened with sudden catastrophe. At other times, with Churchill, it was the Empire: as though a United Europe could loosen the historic and sentimental bonds between the nations under the British crown. At present it is Socialism: England and the Scandinavian countries will not join a Reynaud Europe committed to the individual profit motive. But all these are alibis.

Europe cannot exist without England. England's present position—semi-detached, purely pragmatic, uncompromisingly nationalistic — offers no assurance against a tragic future. At any moment England—Churchill's no less than Attlee's—might walk out on Europe, as she repeatedly did before. She might even, dreading the power of a united Continent, seek an understanding with the Soviets and thus remain the arbiter, not of her own destinies alone, but of Europe's and of the world's. Unless England fully commits herself there shall be no Europe; and so long as there is no Europe there shall be no peace.

Albert Guerard is author of "Europe Free and United," "The France of Tomorrow," and other books.

In Happier Days

THE KOREANS AND THEIR CULTURE. By Cornelius Osgood. New York: Ronald Press. 387 pp. $5.

By Mark S. Watson

AN APPALLINGLY large percentage of normal Americans (and others), who have watched the tide of Korean battle swing alternately to the advantage of United Nations or that of the Red forces have all but forgotten that originally the professed aim of both sides in the war was the advantage of people called the Koreans. If today there is a Korean who remembers that aim of long ago he must shake his head in anguish over his ruined home—if he still can trace that ruin and if he still has a head to shake.

A great deal has been printed these eleven months on the causes and course and future of the war. It is almost with shame that one now picks up Cornelius Osgood's handsome book upon the Koreans themselves, who seem never in our time to have encountered that simple happiness which most of God's creatures take for granted.

Dr. Osgood, professor of anthropology at Yale, performed his research, fortunately, before the Communists swept southward last June, and his postscriptum on the present situation is brief but useful. The bulk of his book is of the Koreans as observed by a scientist, keenly scrutinizing everyday life in so sequestered a community as Kanghwa Island (off the mouth of the Han) and also in the once stately capital of Seoul, and, further, in a reconstruction of past eras when the Koreans were not being pushed around so casually.

It is a vivid and often a delightful picture of another epoch and a culture radically unlike our own. Dr. Osgood patiently portrays the items of individual and family and community living on that time-frozen island where once the fabled Tan-gun descended to earth and where later the Koryo kings fled from conquering Mongols, seeking refuge within the ring of forts still traceable about the coast. He describes the surroundings, the furniture, the economy, the customs, the lingering belief in spirits which inhabit the ancient trees, and springs, and the mountains. These last, one learns, take the form of spirit-tigers given to eating those bold persons who recklessly climb the heights; but, fortunately, few persons die that way, for two reasons: tigers no longer occupy the island, and the islanders do not care to climb the mountains anyway.

The uninformed reader will be

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startled by two characteristics of the primitive Korean house. Certain of its few rooms are beautifully floored with layer on layer of paper heavily varnished and thus presenting a smoothly polished and unexpectedly clean surface. And beneath the floor are carried the flues from the kitchen stove, providing that unseen radiant heat which our realtors have been telling us is the very latest American gadget. In front of the typical house is the flat, smoothly-packed clay terrace, on which the farmer dries his vegetables and threshes his rice and betimes takes his ease. The women's courtyard is their own, where men do not go, and perhaps the reason that the houses are of one story is to make sure that nobody can overlook that private yard. For the Korean mamma is very reserved indeed, talking almost never to any male save of her own family and reportedly (we would like more evidence on this point) addressing few words even to her husband.

It is a pleasant picture of the rich with their bright-colored dresses of many layers, decked out below with colored shoes, and above with the Korean male's almost unbelievable hat, high-crowned, broad-brimmed, lacquered, bearing its silver ornament and fetchingly fastened beneath the chin with ribbons or with a string of amber beads. The author cautiously mentions a tradition that this glorious headpiece was invented long ago by a well-meaning king who wished to end his people's brawling and felt sure that they would not risk the ruin of such a hat, but no Korean was ever held back from a good row by such a consideration.

One must mention the Koreans' addiction to music and dancing (a festival at Seoul in happier days lingers pleasantly in the memory of any who saw it) and their historic skills in metalworking, (especially their casting of quite lovely bells), in painting, and most notably in ceramics, for to all this Dr. Osgood pays close attention. But one must admit being fascinated by the curiosities he relates as well as by the glories.

How far all this seems from current reading of what transpires in that stricken land! And how Dr. Osgood must wonder what has happened in eleven months' bombardment and rapine to the ancient trees, the groups of dancers, the prehistoric sculptures, the great collections of celadon, and all those cleanly little habitations and their decent people. It is well that he made his eager study when he did.

Mark S. Watson, a Pulitzer Prize winner for foreign correspondence, is a member of the Washington bureau of The Baltimore Sun.

Fiction. *There is a remarkable diversity in the five novels reviewed this week. In his "Barbary Shore" Norman Mailer, often cited as our ablest postwar writer, has reduced the size of his canvas from the Pacific island of "The Naked and the Dead" to a Brooklyn boardinghouse. Again his characters are symbols of the futility and sexual frustration popular with our younger writers today. Robert Terrall's "Steps of the Quarry" is an excellent but somewhat repellent story of the behavior of American troops in Austria and a gruesome account of a murderous Nazi labor camp. Corrupt county politics on every level is the theme of "McDonough" by Francis T. Field, a sound Boston reporter. In "The Heart of Fame" Giles Playfair writes of the rise and the ultimate downfall of a famous English actor. As an antidote to these recitals of despair and failure Cardinal Spellman's "The Foundling" takes the reader into an almost completely unfamiliar world, totally immersed in loving kindness and sanctity.*

Frustrations, Neuroses & History

BARBARY SHORE. By Norman Mailer. New York: Rinehart & Co. 312 pp. $3.

By Maxwell Geismar

"THE NAKED and the Dead" was a solid job of realism and social criticism in one of the main traditions of American writing. Mr. Mailer's second novel is a drama of ideas that is held together by a symbolic framework of complete human frustration. It is fashionable, it is literary by current standards, it is well done, but I think it is a mistake.

The scene is a rooming house in Brooklyn Heights. The hero is a young writer who has lost his identity in the war. He is the anonymous man of the contemporary period, and through his search for his "identity" he is of course seeking for his salvation. His landlady, Mrs. Guinevere, turns out to be a combination of vamp and slut. In more polite terms she is a nymphomaniac who has, according to the modern definition, small use for sex, while her young daughter is a terrifying parody of a Hollywood starlet.

This is the effect of mass entertainment upon the feminine psyche in the United States; and in parts it is pretty good as satire and prophecy. Mr. Mailer's hero also discovers two more curious neighbors in the boardinghouse. Mrs. Guinevere's husband is a disillusioned intellectual who has been a figure of some importance in the Communist Party. The soft-spoken, polite, ominous young "clerk," Hollingsworth, is an agent of the FBI. The ostensible heroine of the novel, Lannie, is on the edge of a nervous breakdown and still involved in the splits and schisms of revolutionary ideology. She is an incoherent disciple of Trotsky.

I have given away the plot to some degree, while the novel uses the elements of suspense and melodrama to carry the story along, but it is impossible to discuss "Barbary Shore" without making this clear. Even so, none of these people are quite what they seem to be, and the action of the story has further developments. As in "The Naked and the Dead," there is no question of Mr. Mailer's craft and particularly his sense of narrative, even when his sense of character seems inadequate or to a certain degree artificial. In the present book the central question isn't of course whether these people are "real," but whether they are effective enough in symbolic terms to make us follow the course of Mr. Mailer's argument; and if we can to

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find out exactly what the argument is.

The answer seems to be that the people are inadequate as symbols, if not in the end utterly absurd. Mr. Mailer has used a Kafka-esque allegory of futility on the human level to support what is a minor version of Koestler's "Darkness at Noon" on the political issues of our time. At the novel's climax Hollingsworth, the Government agent who is also a sadist and repressed homosexual, forces McLeod, the revolutionary Socialist, to betray all that he has left—his conscience and his integrity.

The young writer, still searching for his identity or a meaning to his life, unable to find a satisfactory love relationship with either Guinevere or Lannie (who are equally unpleasant alternatives), has only the memory of McLeod's heroism and the prospect of an evolutionary Socialism after Russia and the United States have destroyed each other. "So the blind will lead the blind, and the deaf shout warnings to one another until their voices are lost"—but this theme is never really made convincing. To reverse Freud's dictum, Mr. Mailer merely seems to be saying that no normal sex life is possible until the neurosis of history has been resolved.

"Barbary Shore" is deficient in both the biological and the cultural insights that are necessary for symbolism as well as for realism in literature. What is left is a novel of atmosphere and action, which has at its best something of the same gruesome fascination as Orwell's utopia of horrors. But this is not often, and it is not enough for a novelist of Mr. Mailer's stature and promise. Not half enough.

Maxwell Geismar is the author of "Writers in Crisis" and "The Last of the Provincials."

Bossism on the County Level

MCDONOUGH. By Francis T. Field. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 511 pp. $3.50.

By Joseph F. Dineen

TO THE studies of political and administrative structures of the precinct, ward, city, and state Francis T. Field adds a badly needed missing link in this dissection of the county and county ring, most cumbersome and unnecessary of all. He ties acute, discerning observations together in a conflict between an honest grafting and rising New Jersey county boss, McDonough (first-generation American-born Irish) and Carmela Camarda, first-generation American-born of Italian parents.

Carmela, conditioned by a slum environment and a brilliant but stumbling longshoreman father, who completes the cycle from Communism to anarchy to become a latter-day Vanzetti (but comes to no such tragic end), rises above it to become a schoolteacher. A rare liberal and intellectual, she always has her cake and eats it.

A widow, mother of a pretty daughter, Carmela marries McDonough, a childless widower. She has ideals and will not compromise. He has ideals and does. He typifies the best of the Irish descendant politicians in any American city. He rationalizes and justifies his graft, his votes, and power by the roads, developments, and improvements he has brought about.

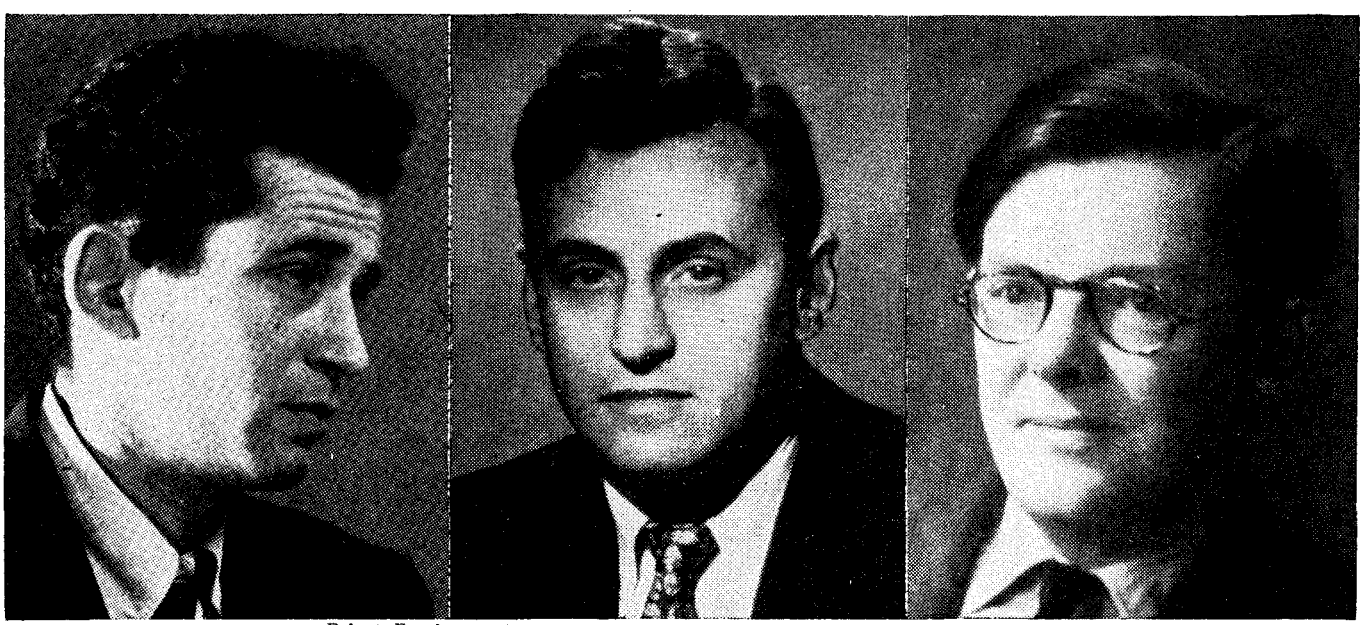
The whole work compresses a complete course in county government and manipulation into one primary election. It shows the functions of the county ring in state and national policy and politics; brings the fat cats, the schemers, the well-born, and the lowly together in caucus; defines their motives and rewards. It is a behind-the-scenes story by a good reporter who knows intimately how and why candidates are selected and elected.

Field examines the racial and religious vote appeals, brings out an Irish-Jewish alliance far more common in most big cities than people think. It is a devastating picture of how any county or political parish is rigged.

The idealism of Carmela is understandable; so is her contradictory behavior. She is sorry for the people in the slums she left, champions them, but can't stomach them. Her thinking is ivory tower, but practical McDonough does more for them—for a political reward—all in line with the standard pattern. Carmela's labor leader father is at least constant and consistent. Carmela and McDonough can see common ground but can't get on it.

McDonough ought to be required reading in all courses in government. I am reluctant to intrude an observation that often throws readers into a tizzy of indignation. Field has a keen ear for dialogue and political jargon. He paints a true picture, but a sprinkling of obscenities and vulgarities here and there may bar it from some religious colleges and readers. They could be eliminated for the sensitive without spoiling the work in replating for another printing. The writing is too good to be marred by it.

Joseph F. Dineen, a member of the editorial staff of the Boston Globe, *is the author of "The Purple Shamrock," a biography of James F. Curley, and "Ward Eight," a novel of Boston politics.*



—Robert Frank. *—Ing-John.*

Norman Mailer, Francis T. Field, and Giles Playfair write, variously, of corruption in Brooklyn, in New Jersey, and in England.

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Ruin of a Gradely Man

THE HEART OF FAME. By Giles Playfair. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 368 pp. $3.

By Walter Havighurst

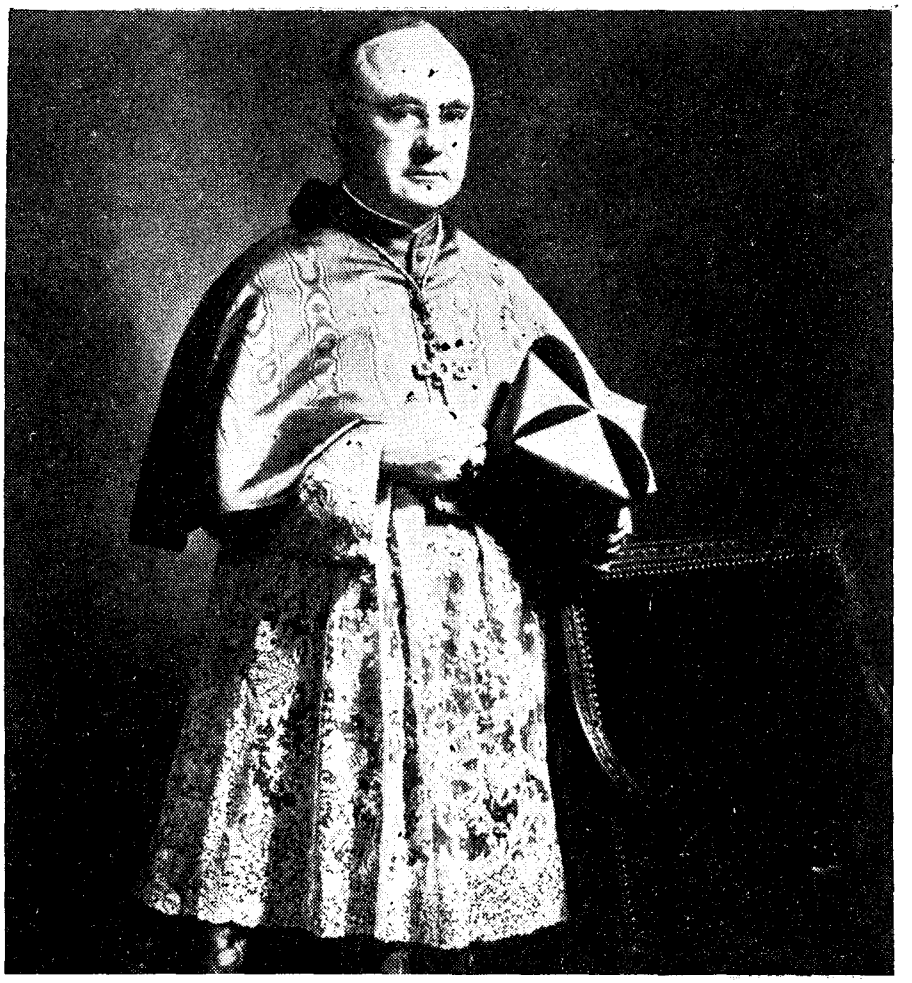
THE INDUSTRIAL town of Manchester in the smoky English midlands would not seem a likely place to discover a brilliant actor. But there Paul Hunter, young drama critic and playwright, first heard the arresting voice of Charles Stranleigh, whose name was to become familiar throughout the theatrical world. At an amateur performance forty years ago began the career of a man of great gifts and fatal weaknesses.

Stranleigh was a young man without family background, without stage experience, without any artistic schooling. He was a clerk in the Northern Dyestuffs Company, a man of simple tastes and a simple nature. He had the plain virtues of his Lancashire up-bringing; to use a Lancashire word he was a "gradely" man. But wealth and fame changed all that.

Mr. Playfair's novel follows this career of success and misfortune with external patience and fidelity, showing how his love affairs brought wretchedness to one woman after another and how his success carried him on the road to ruin. This has a familiar sound; there have been actors of Charles Stranleigh's kind before, and doubtless they will continue to appear both in fiction and in the flesh. To make such a portrait credible and informing a novelist must convince a reader of the exceptional gifts and the destroying tensions of his character. But Stranleigh is an oddly rigid person, more credible as Lancashireman than as man of genius, and there is no incandescence in him.

At an early point in Charles Stranleigh's career the young actor profited from the tutelage of Norman Grant, a forgotten figure of the London stage. A well-worn stereotype, "this reformed drunkard, this actor who could no longer act, this teacher who by a chance discovery of a pupil had found new hope of self-fulfillment" made Stranleigh a speech which might have offered him a kind of warning. "Acting," he said, "is not a tangible thing. It has no substance of its own, like literature or music or painting. It is a tradition. It is a torch carried by the great players of every age. . . ."

But perhaps this lack of substance in the actor's profession is meant to account for Stranleigh's corruption. He would have been happier had he lived out his life in Manchester as an office clerk. He might have continued to be "gradely" there.



—*Fabian Bachrach.*

Francis Cardinal Spellman: "I had to write it."

Cleaved by the Axe of Religion

THE FOUNDLING. By Francis Cardinal Spellman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 304 pp. $2.75.

By Harrison Smith

"THE FOUNDLING" is the first novel of Francis Cardinal Spellman of the Diocese of New York and Fifth Avenue's famous St. Patrick's Cathedral. The most callous reviewer would be forced to regard it with some awe, for it is a literary event of historical importance and it is a tribute to the energy and vitality of an extraordinarily busy man. It is, in fact, difficult to write about "The Foundling" without falling into some of the Cardinal's clichés, as if the critic became slightly intoxicated by his sudden immersion into an almost totally unfamiliar world in which godliness and kindness reigned supreme. Anyone who is accustomed to the yearly and monthly deluge of the works of novelists who are, in the light of this book, obviously imbued with the most reprehensible sentiments about humanity and who regard man's fate and his final destination with dismay can only take his tongue out of his cheek and throw his didactic approach toward the art of fiction into the nearest wastebasket. The reviewer of a novel by a writer of the Cardinal's eminence, dedicated "to the multitude of passers-by and the many of every creed who enter St. Patrick's open door therein quietly to pray," must abandon cynicism and take off his hat to the motives which have inspired its creation and to the vitality of the story he has to tell.

"The Foundling" begins with an embittered, armless, and disfigured soldier of the First World War who stumbles into the Cathedral on Christmas Eve to discover a living baby lying in the crèche beside the figures of the Infant Jesus and Mary His Mother. He takes it to the Catholic Foundling Hospital, which cares for abandoned babies regardless of race, creed, or color. The soldier's faith in the future is restored; he marries the girl he loves in the hope that he can then adopt little Peter. But here the author runs into an insuperable dif-

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ficulty. Paul Taggart is a Protestant, and there is no way in which his great need or his wife's for this miraculously discovered baby can be satisfied. The author faces this apparently cruel obstacle courageously, as Henry Morton Robinson in his novel "The Cardinal" had to face a year before other obdurate rules of the Church, which may have seemed to the non-Catholic reader harsh or unnecessary.

In fact, Cardinal Spellman's attitude toward this and toward religion itself will prove to be of deep interest to the thoughtful reader. When Paul, with the aid of a Catholic friend, attempts to possess Peter by trickery the sainted nun who has discovered his ruse says, "You think that because I do not tell you that all religions are the same or that each is like the other I am intolerant. But were I to say these things and you would call me tolerant I would then truly be a sham, a hypocrite." Cardinal Spellman appears in person at this moment to add: "Thus they stood, two who yearned to be one as friends, cleaved by the axe religion. And the destiny of the tow-headed boy was for them a symbol of all humanity shunted and sacrificed because peoples of different beliefs refused to respect the good faith and the good works of others."

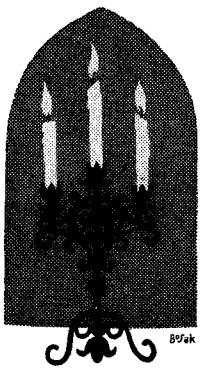
The reader may object that it was the nun who was refusing to respect the Protestant's good faith, since Paul had agreed to bring up the child as a Catholic, nor is the situation remedied by the author's non-sequitur: "In less than two decades godless leaders, compromising truth and justice in their mad march to power would attack all religions . . . and drench the whole world in the obscene waste of war." There would appear to be an illogical hiatus between the child in the Foundling Home and the Cardinal's "obscene waste of war," unless he is attempting to say that like a fighting army the Church must obey rules and orders, however cruel, or lose the war.

At any rate, Peter remains in an orphanage until he is adult. The author had at first intended to make him an Army doctor but chose to turn him into a musician instead, because "it would sacrifice the continuity of the story of institutional life." Therefore Peter became a musician, "for music, like medicine, bespeaks a universal language of the heart." This transformation is accomplished with skill, for the reader is induced to believe that the nun who played the organ in the orphanage might have completed three movements of a great symphony before her death, and that Peter had been diligent enough at his music lessons to complete it some day. In the end Peter is drafted into the Second World War and, like the soldier who found him by the altar, suffers for it before he receives his reward. He is blinded and returns home to find his girl ready to take him in her arms. The reader may be certain that his destiny as a musician and composer will not be thwarted by the fact that he is blind.

In this bald treatment of "The Foundling" the humanity and depth of feeling of the author have been neglected. Cardinal Spellman after a lifetime of devotion and love for suffering people has created characters and scenes that may remain in the reader's memory. The young nun in the Foundling Hospital is not a stereotype, nor are her devoted Sisters in the orphanage bloodless figures. There is an old sacristan bedeviled by choir boys; a colored lad, Peter's best friend; a Jewish philanthropist; and many others who are drawn obviously from life. In the end the reader can only applaud what the author has said of his own book. "Why did I write 'The Foundling'? . . . I had to write it, for it was born in the womb of my intellect and given birth by the love of my heart for little children and for all mankind." There are few writers who are today capable of this kind of honesty and frankness; but then there are few Cardinals who have had the courage to write a novel.

Joined Flames

By Katharine Day Little



A beech-tree's heart-shaped flames
Burned, green that was newest gold
New-minted sharp-cut leaves
Reached to a flawless sky
And fleckless praised thy name
Mary the flawless one
Of May the flower and flame.

Inside the song of prayer
Deep as the soul's Dark Night
Welled from the young sweet throats
And died in golden air.
Tall formal altar-flames
Flickered and fell again
Molten as notes that rose
In Palestrina's soul.
Slowly the burning green
Joined with the flowering flames
To praise thee flawless one
Of May fire flower and queen.

Not a Nazi!

THE STEPS OF THE QUARRY. By Robert Terrall. New York: Crown Publishers. 350 *pp.* $3.

By Van Van Praag

WARS go on, it seems, and as long as they do continue there will be men with something important to say about them. "The Steps of the Quarry" is another novel in the yet unfinished history of World War II, although it cannot strictly be categorized as a war novel. Rather, it is a novel about some of the results of that now nearly forgotten big war, results affecting the conqueror, the conquered, and the liberated. The conquerors are, of course, the Americans; the conquered are the Nazis; and the liberated are the ones who managed to survive both the ordeal of the concentration camp and the treatment by their American liberators.

This novel, a first one and a very good one, by Robert Terrall, tells a story of the Austrian occupation and does it on three levels. First, it is a highly-charged account of American GI's let loose in the town of Weissau, bringing their particular brand of democracy to the conquered and the liberated by whoring, drinking, trading in the black-market, looting, pillaging, assaulting, murdering, all the while cracking corny jokes with the aplomb of village loafers on a lazy summer afternoon. Secondly, it is a gruesome account of the notorious Mordhausen (houses-of-murder) concentration camp just outside of the town, where some 600,000 assorted Russians, Poles, Hungarians, Jews, and some anti-Nazi Austrians perished. Mordhausen was not wholly an annihilation camp where these thousands were merely run through the gas chambers or the ovens; actually it was a quarry where prisoners carried huge stones on their backs up a flight of 180 crude steps, working under the clubs and whips of their guards until they died. Finally, it is the story of businessmen like Alois Resch, an industrialist who though not a Nazi was forced through economic necessity to utilize the services of slave labor. Resch, like the Krupps and others of that ilk, was not a Nazi. Resch was a simple businessman, a non-political; thousands died working for him, but he was, repeat, not a Nazi!

Robert Terrall has written a big book and has ably presented a large, detailed picture of the initial stages of our Austrian occupation. There are our rowdy, amoral GI's, as represented by the black-marketeers and others

(*Continued on page* 34)

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Music. *"I have watched her many times in the same role . . . and almost as many times I have been blinded by the force of her magnetic imaginative power, without which no interpreter can hope to become an artist. This, it seems to me, is the highest form of stage art." So wrote Carl Van Vechten thirty-five years ago about Mary Garden, undoubtedly the most persuasive singing actress (placing the accent on "actress") within living memory. Miss Garden has recently written her autobiography, with the help of Louis Biancolli. In his review below Carl Van Vechten finds that Mary Garden the autobiographer is not in the same class as Mary Garden the singing actress. . . . Witty and informative books by two music critics—Virgil Thomson, of New York, and Frederick Goldbeck, of Paris—are also noted this week: "Music Right and Left" and "The Perfect Conductor."*

—*From the book.*

Mary Garden (on shipboard with Andrew Carnegie): "Was it a sixth sense?"

Prima Donna of Yesteryear

MARY GARDEN'S STORY. By Mary Garden and Louis Biancolli. New York: Simon & Schuster. 302 pp. Cloth, $3.75. Paper, $1.

By Carl Van Vechten

THOSE who did not live through the Mary Garden era, which roughly speaking was the first twenty-five years of this century, can have only a vague notion with what ferocity this singer was decried on the one hand and admired on the other. When she made her New York debut in "Thaïs," bounding across the huge stage of the Manhattan Opera House in a skintight, flesh-color garment, tossing a cluster of American Beauty roses to the winds, she was welcomed with a torrent of abuse from the press; but "Thaïs" eventually became the warhorse on which she rode to American success. No one else save the original Sybil Sanderson has sung it to applause, and even Geraldine Farrar failed lamentably to bring the part to life. In "Louise," which followed "Thaïs," Miss Garden was received with more favor, and even the critics capitulated to her art when she appeared as Mélisande.

In "Mary Garden's Story," which Louis Biancolli has written down accurately from her somewhat hysterical (certainly not whispered) recital of her career, she describes the first performances of these and other operas here and in Paris. She devotes much space to the composers Charpentier, Debussy, and Messager but has comparatively little to say about Massenet, whose fragile operas gave her the bulk of her repertory. She delves around quite unsuccessfully and rather embarrassingly in what she calls her "love life," of which, she assures us somewhat vehemently, she never had any, never wanted any, and never will have any.

She began her career as a star by substituting for the ill Marthe Rioton at the beginning of the third act of "Louise," and the first music she sang on the stage was "Depuis le jour," probably one of the most difficult airs, with its murderously high tessitura, that she or any other prima donna has ever negotiated. She was not nervous on this occasion. She boasts that she has never been nervous and has scant patience with singers who are. It's all a matter, to her mind, of knowing what you are doing.

She argues that she did not act or sing from experience but from intuition. "I never saw where Salome lived. I never was with that great dancer of Egypt, Thaïs, but I knew her. I knew them all. That sort of thing was always happening to me—the feeling of being some one else and having been somewhere else. I never knew anything about the lives of these women of opera. I had them all in me, in my very flesh and blood. If only some one could tell me about that. I confess it has always been a mystery to me. They were just there, and had nothing to do with me personally. Absolutely nothing to do with Mary Garden from Aberdeen, Scotland. Was it a sixth sense? Maybe. I just don't know. All I do know is that when I finished any performance of mine—Louise, Salome, Mélisande—and went home and had my glass of milk with ten drops of iodine in it I never remembered that I had sung anything or that I had been impersonating any one. Never, never, never. I was always Mary Garden, myself, again." If this is not very distinguished prose, it is perhaps the way Mary Garden talks; it certainly is *not* the way Louis Biancolli usually writes.

The book is studded with superlatives. "Pelléas et Mélisande" is "great" music, but then so are "Louise" and "Thaïs." "Salome" is the "greatest opera." I am not at all sure that Miss Garden doesn't believe that "Aphrodite" and "Monna Vanna" were "great" music. Campanini was a "great" conductor, perhaps the "greatest." Debussy was a "great" composer. Titta Ruffo, Melba, Renaud, Muratore were "great" singers. Her mother was the most beautiful woman ever seen in Scotland. (This you can readily believe after examining the photograph of the young Mrs. Garden.)

There are omissions. There is an index but no listing of her roles. Further, she offers no tabulation of her phonograph records. Of the parts she sang she never mentions Charlotte in "Werther" or Prince Charming in

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Lorna Doone," by R. D. Blackmore. 2. "Madame Bovary," by Gustave Flaubert. 3. Hester Prynne, in "The Scarlet Letter," by Nathaniel Hawthorne. 4. Molly Bloom, in "Ulysses," by James Joyce. 5. "Evangeline," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. 6. Elizabeth Barrett, in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," by Rudolf Besier. 7. Natasha Rostova, in "War and Peace," by Leo Tolstoy. 8. "Peg Woffington," by Charles Reade. 9. Hatty Doran in "The Noble Bachelor," by Conan Doyle. 10. Marguerite Gautier, in "Camille," by Alexandre Dumas, fils.

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"Cendrillon," in which she appeared opposite the young Maggie Teyte's Cinderella. Maggie Teyte doesn't get a line in the book, although she followed Mary Garden at the Opéra-Comique as Mélisande. Ophelia is not mentioned (she sang in "Hamlet" with Renaud at the Paris Opéra) although there is included a portrait of her in the role. The illustrations, by the way, are unusual, fascinating, enchanting, and perhaps the most desirable part of the book. She does not refer to "Gismonda" or "La Navarraise." She casually discusses her concert life but says nothing at all about her Debussy concerts or about her final appearance at the Capitol Theatre in New York.

She has appreciation for Jim Huneker, who arrived belatedly to strew flowers on her altar, but she has no word for Pitts Sanborn or Margaret Anderson, who wrote columns about her when she most needed them. She does not thank the reporters who gave her the publicity which made her a success here. She does not mention Gilibert, who sang the part of her father in "Louise," a superb performer, or Bressler-Gianoli, the brilliant Carmen, who contributed so much in the role of Louise's mother. She never speaks of Jean Périer's Pelléas or Hector Dufranne's Golaud, two of the reasons for the critical acclaim awarded to Debussy's lyric drama here. There is no praise for the art of Vanni Marcoux; his name only occurs in connection with a Boston performance of "Tosca." She has just a line in which to describe Charles Dalmorès, a fine tenor, who consented to sing the small role of Nicias in "Thaïs" at her début and who cooperated successfully with her in "Faust," "Louise," "Salome," and in several other operas. There is no attempt at correct chronology. In fact her book is as wayward as she herself is popularly supposed to be.

Doubtless many will like to learn of this phenomenon; and many others will be delighted to revive their fading memories of her by reading what she chooses to tell them in this frivolous volume, although she has no new material to offer. For my part I prefer my own memories of Mary Garden as she was forty years ago on the stage, the consummate artist who brought so many vocal heroines to life in the opera house. There have been many better autobiographies, but there never has been her like in the singing theatre.

Carl Van Vechten, American author and critic, has written extensively on Mary Garden's career. He devoted a chapter to her in "Interpreters and Interpretations."

Essays from an Esthete

MUSIC RIGHT AND LEFT. By Virgil Thomson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 214 pp. $3.50.

By Irwin Edman

IT IS a serious and difficult question, that of defining the requirements of an ideal musical critic. The definition of such a paragon is likely to be made in a vacuum, and the conditions set down are really those of a free and transcendental spirit operating independently of the mundane and pressing circumstances of journalism. It is easy enough to state formally what a music critic should be. He ought to be technically well informed. He ought to, it goes without saying, have a sensitive ear. His mind should be historically well furnished (and not only with musical history). He should be sympathetic to freshness and adventure in creation; he should, if possible, himself be a creative composer. He should be free of the prejudices of a coterie and the violent whims of a would-be esthetic dictator. He should know how to write and have plenty of time for reflection on what he has heard. The strict fulfillment of these requirements would make it impossible for any newspaper to have any such ideal critic.

Virgil Thomson has for ten years now come close to filling the above ambitious bill for the *New York Herald Tribune*. He is that rarity among those whose natural medium is music, a born writer. He is also that infrequent phenomenon, a musician who has an acute sense of the social, economic, and political conditions of music, happily unaccompanied by any doctrinaire solutions or salvations. Himself a composer of distinction, he is peculiarly sensitive to the pioneering enterprises of new talent and the hints even of genius in our own day. He enjoys listening and he communicates his joy, and if he is bored by the standard repertory he says so. He pays less attention these days to what he calls "the nationally advertised brands."

Virgil Thomson—"wise things to say."

Because New York City is the musical center of America it would have been easy for Mr. Thomson to concentrate his attention there, but he has visited outlying cities, watched the experiments in universities, and kept his ear alerted to what is going on in Texas's major orchestras, the quality of summer opera—very good—in Denver, the delightful account of musical advance and creative freshness in Los Angeles, incidentally almost completely unaided by the film industry.

Mr. Thomson has a constant sense for the social implications of music, the economic threat and danger to music. Without rancor or hysteria he points out with perfectly simple common sense the dangerous nonsense of Russian official esthetics, the attempt to create a standard, monolithic art. He also quietly shows that "Russian music may or may not need official 'purification' but it certainly needs improvement." In our own country he pulls no punches in demonstrating how management has operated against musical creativeness by its economic interests and standardization. He has wise things to say about the "intellectual audience." He raises a whole discussion from the vulgar clichés of "highbrow" and "lowbrow."

He has pointed things to say about the future of opera in this country, and he pays a fine tribute to New York's City Center. What Mr. Thomson does perhaps best of all is what, perhaps, every good critic does best of all: he communicates the quality of the music to which he most sympathetically responds. He communicates by identifying elements even the attentive listener may have missed. I cite particularly his brilliant paragraph on Debussy and his statement of what Debussy's "musical freedom" consists in. His analysis of the outstanding "craftsmanship" of Ravel is rarely illuminating. And an example of his recognition of what is good in the new is his analysis of Bartók.

The best thing that can be said about the essays in this book is that, though they are reprints of articles that must have been written under pressure, every one of them is worth reprinting and none of them dates.

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Albert Schweitzer some years back—"noble and versatile . . . gifted and good."

The Interpretive Skein

THE PERFECT CONDUCTOR. By Frederick Goldbeck. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. 202 *pp.* $3.50.

By Roland Gelatt

MR. GOLDBECK'S disquisition is short; much wisdom can be found in it; the writing is original and witty. High praise for any book, doubly so for a book on music, an art that has inspired some considerable stretches of flat prose.

The title somewhat misleads, for the author's province encompasses not only the conductor and his craft but the entire realm of musical interpretation. His basic concern is with the translation of bald notation into meaningful sound. I know of no book that better unravels the skein of written music. Its pages abound with trenchant perceptions. As thus:

> *Ritardando* fiends are like those excited letter-writers who underline every second word and add parenthetical exclamation marks. Very unpleasant for the addressee.

The art of a Toscanini or a Landowska is contained, capsule-like, in the sentence "Nine times out of ten good style is bridled *rubato*." And has Stravinsky's metric complexity been more acutely described than as "an anti-romanticist's somewhat morose delectation in the merciless motion of just-one-note-after-another"?

On the distinction between meter and rhythm; on the decline of Mengelberg; on the capabilities of orchestral instruments; on baton technique; on "action of presence," that mysterious process by which the same ensemble playing under Walter, Mitropoulos, and Toscanini can sound like three distinct orchestras; on the atmosphere of rehearsals; on these and many other subjects the author is instructive and engaging.

Frederick Goldbeck is of mixed Dutch and English parentage. Although he lives in Paris and writes regularly for French periodicals, this book was written in English. I hope it is the first of many. "It was a milestone in music," Goldbeck says, "when Debussy's 'La Mer' made the trombones sound, not as though symbolizing some Nordic Neptune well read in German metaphysics and drowned in *Weltschmerz*, but like the calm glitter of an unemphatic ocean." Hats off, a writer!

Some Self-Revelations

MUSIC IN THE LIFE OF ALBERT SCHWEITZER: With Selections from his Writings. By Charles R. Joy. New York: Harper & Bros. 300 *pp.* $4.

By Arthur Mendel

ALBERT SCHWEITZER has devoted a considerable portion of his many-sided life to the historian's task of scraping from monumental figures of the past the patina of sentimental legend that time has deposited on them—the patina that hides the individual qualities which would make each of them worth remembering and instead makes them all look alike. To the sentimentalists the patina is more important than what it hides, and nowadays—with the terrible assistance of Hollywood—they do not wait for time to deposit it: they mix up a sticky coating and spread it even on men who, like Schweitzer, still have too much life in them to hold still long enough for it to set.

The parts of this book that are by Charles R. Joy are mainly this sort of stuff. They tend to identify Schweitzer with Goethe, with Bach; further in this direction are such statements as ". . . when Albert Schweitzer sits at that organ in the high balcony at the rear of the church he becomes a mediator between God and man." And on the next page he quotes with evident approval the statement of a Schweitzer biographer that "the St. Matthew Passion is alone adequate to cover [Schweitzer's] African venture, the joy of the journey and the disappointments, the apparent failure and eventual triumph."

Fortunately, and contrary to the implication of the title page, some four-fifths of the book are given over to assorted writings by Schweitzer himself—important and unimportant but including, we are assured, all Schweitzer's writings on music hitherto unavailable in English. They contain material of great interest to the organist and student of Bach, as well as to admirers of the noble and versatile Schweitzer. The insights revealed in his first book on Bach, "J. S. Bach, Le Musicien-Poète," were, we are reminded, the achievements of a man not yet thirty, whose principal fields of work had been philosophy and theology and who was still to enter upon his studies in medicine, his future profession. Those insights, by the way, are far fresher and clearer than the impression of them that circulates as the result of the immense popularity of the English translation of Schweitzer's German book. His study

(*Continued on page* 26)

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Storing Up Trouble

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week's guest editorial is written by Herbert Brucker, editor of the* Hartford Courant *and author of "Freedom of Information."*

IN "The Shadow of Global Censorship" [*SRL* Mar. 24] Carroll Binder, of the *Minneapolis Tribune*, told of a censorship that threatens to blanket the world:

> If a powerful bloc in the United Nations has its way [he wrote] American periodicals no longer will be permitted to publish pictures of Mohammed, a book such as Katherine Mayo's "Mother India" will not be published, mention of King Farouk's love life will become verboten.

Mr. Binder, who represented this country in the U. N. negotiations that raised this prospect, added, "I am not seeing things under the bed." He isn't. Rather he is pointing to another fundamental, if little noticed, battle in the twentieth century's Armageddon between freedom and totalitarianism. This is the battle for freedom of information, for the individual's right to know what is going on in his world. We lead one side in this battle, Soviet Russia the other. We fondly imagine that all the rest of what we are pleased to call the free world is in our camp. Our editors and publishers in particular think that if we just explain the doctrine of the free press as developed in Anglo-Saxon history everything will be all right.

As long as we think that we are in for a shock. Most of the rest of the world just won't have our concept of a free press.

Why is it that we are looked upon with suspicion? There can be no doubt that there exists about the world a sharp anti-American feeling. We are only storing up trouble for ourselves if we forget that this feeling is to some extent held by our friends as well as our enemies. The United States, as well as totalitarian Russia, is looked upon with distrust by the rest of the world. From this distrust comes the drive to achieve something other than the American standard of a free press.

One contributing factor is, curiously enough, our press associations. Our press associations are in the forefront of the battle to break down barriers to the free gathering and transmission of news. But there are a number of countries around the world that see themselves as dominated by U. S. press associations plus a few others in Britain. They see in them something close to a monopoly, one that tends to color the news in Anglo-Saxon tones. Besides, they complain that the reports these associations bring home from abroad sometimes misrepresent and even malign foreign countries, that they caricature their cultures and that all this is done either deliberately for political purposes or through a combination of materialism, ignorance, and love of sensationalism.

I think it can be documented that the Anglo-Saxon press associations are far and away ahead of the rest of the world in the accuracy and honesty of their news reports. At the same time it is true that we are a nation of headline readers and that we tend to pass by items, particularly from distant parts, that do not have a shock value. This does lead to sensationalism and at times to a distorted view of what is happening in these foreign lands.

It is here that we can begin to understand that even though our papers and our press associations surpass any that have ever existed anywhere they are, nevertheless, imperfect in coping with the stupendous demands imposed by today's closely interrelated world. On top of that is the fact that our newspapers, particularly individual ones among them, do still lapse from our own painfully developed standards of objectivity. And, surely, there is little question that a large proportion of our press does have in its editorials and columns and cartoons and features a substantially conservative outlook, which to nations in turmoil and misery—as to large numbers among our own people— is a disturbing element.

This distrust of American newspapers is a part of the sum total of the world's uneasiness about us—about our foreign policies, our motives, our understanding of the rest of the world, and hence about our capacity to exercise the leadership thrust upon us. This over-all distrust of America is difficult for most of us to understand because we have no first-hand experience of it. Only those who have occasion to be abroad long enough to get under the skins of other peoples through their own language can feel its intensity. It is this fear and distrust that Soviet Communism exploits. And it is this that is at the bottom of much of the sentiment, even among convinced non-Communist peoples, in favor of using governments or codes or treaties to make the press —and the radio and the films—behave.

ALL this forces me to the conclusion that whether we like it or not and whether it ought to be that way or not the Anglo-Saxon theory of the free press in its pure and native form will not capture the world.

It is difficult to find a way out. But perhaps there is a way, unseen in things so close to our own lives that we take them for granted. For some reason or other, when anyone discusses our press he is likely to hark back to a false conception of the supposedly halcyon days of a hundred or so years ago, compared to which contemporary journalism is said to be less pure and noble. Actually in those days and until a slow change through the nineteenth century brought us to something like our present standards our papers were infinitely less accurate and complete and responsible than they are now. Particularly in the early nineteenth century our papers were not devoted to news as such, to a nonpartisan account of whatever happened. Rather they were what today's foreign reformers want—a weapon to fight social and political battles. We then had a multiplicity of voices of expression. But one would have to read pretty much all of them to get an accurate picture of what was going on. As President Madison put it in 1828: "Could it be so arranged that every newspaper when printed on one side should be handed over to the press of an adversary to be printed on the other, thus presenting to every reader both sides of every question, truth would always have a fair chance."

What we neglect is that since those days there has been a steady growth in a tradition of reporting the news objectively. This tradition is still in the process of formation. We do not yet live up to it as fully as we should. But we have made enormous progress, far more than our critics realize. It is quite something in the perspective of journalistic history that we today are disturbed if we find slanted news. This is something rela-

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tively new in the world and relatively unknown outside the Anglo-Saxon lands and a few other small ones like Switzerland, the Low Countries, and Scandinavia.

This is why the fact that the reader no longer identifies himself with our fewer and bigger and impersonal papers of today is not all loss. For, surely, it is better to have even an imperfect observance of the standard that news is news, that it must be reported honestly and as completely as space permits than to have a standard of using the news to seek some objective, no matter how Utopian that objective may seem.

We have, in short, developed a priceless tradition. It remains for us to carry this tradition further. There is far more hope in this than in the effort to make news a social weapon, with all that means in the inevitable perversion of truth. At best that would mean a return to the Dark Age of American journalism. At worst it would hand over our minds and our souls to the masters of totalitarianism.

This throws us back upon the need of making our own system of free and responsible reporting work better than it does—work to the substantial satisfaction of our friends of the free world as well as our own citizens. We shall have to recognize that we are uniquely favored for the time being anyway among the peoples of the world. And this, perhaps, has made us just a bit too smug for our own good. We need to develop an acute sensitivity to the need for improvement.

We had better develop it. For we may be sure that if we do not we shall find ourselves hemmed about by codes and treaties and standards and tribunals that close the door to the search for truth. Perhaps self-reform sounds weak as an answer to this stormy world's demands, but it is our only defense. When you come right down to it, in the century and three quarters of our history our journalistic standards have changed enormously for the better. For us the way ahead lies not through some new version of the old doctrine of reforming the press through government, which we discarded long ago. It lies in remaining true to ourselves.

If the tradition of objective reporting is still incomplete, still unrealized, it has at least produced the nearest thing to honesty and accuracy in the news the world has yet seen. We have a long, long way to go. We must carry the unwritten tradition of objectivity further. We must apply it not only in straight reporting but in analyzing and commenting and in all else we print. This is in our idiom. And this is the hope of the world.

—Herbert Brucker.

Good News

▸ Scientists at the Illinois Institute of Technology working with Mexican engineers have developed a process for producing dry tortilla flour from corn. This discovery may change four hundred years of cooking habits in Mexico. Tortillas now are cooked from freshly ground wet corn. The dough, prepared daily at home or in small shops, spoils within a few hours and results in much waste. The new flour will keep indefinitely and is suitable for making tortillas, tamales, atoles, and other basic items of the Mexican diet.

▸ Seventeen books of poetry, prose, and drama were published last year by Macedonian printers in the Macedonian language. The people who live in this part of Yugoslavia won the right to use their national language and print books in it only after World War II.

▸ It was recently disclosed that Dr. Hiram Benjamin, the scientist who directed the development of a blood-plasma substitute from the common garden vegetable okra, gave up a chance of amassing a fortune. Royalties from the process for refining and purifying okra pods to make a plasma replacement are estimated to run as high as "several hundred thousand dollars a year." Dr. Benjamin, who holds the basic patent on the process, has turned it over to the Marquette University Medical School to be used to finance research in basic science designed to alleviate mankind's ills. The most important feature of the okra blood substitute is that it does not, as human plasma does, transmit viruses from donor to recipient.

▸ In Memphis, Tennessee, a business-school student accidentally dropped $132, his entire capital, and a gust of wind sent the one, ten, and twenty-dollar bills flying over the city. Next day a newspaper described the accident. All but one dollar of the $132 was returned to the student. . . . In New York City three citizens lost their purses—in the subway, on the street, and in a taxi. All three were returned with contents intact to the last penny.

Book Marks

Just as a mariner must sometimes navigate by dead reckoning or an artilleryman fire with open sights, so may the reader occasionally select a book solely by the publisher's imprint. Here is a novel by an author one never previously heard of (small wonder, since it is a first novel), but Smith & Jones are a sound, conscientious, alert house and rarely issue dull books. Now if it were a Brown & Johnson offering one would expect something on the deep and récherché side, and Williams & Roberts are long on sheer frivolity. The system isn't at all bad, to the extent that it works oftener than it doesn't work. But suppose Smith & Jones get a new editor or the old editor goes haring off after strange gods or starts taking heroin or stops taking heroin. Then oh, the heavy change! Actually publishing imprints over the years are much like college fraternities. In your school days Omega Omicron may have been a mob of wassailers, while today, you are informed, they all make Phi Beta Kappa in their junior years; Zeta Eta Theta used to be made up exclusively of letter men—today you could knock the whole chapter down with a feather. The same metamorphoses occasionally occur in the microcosm of publishing.

* * *

Chapter headings in color give us no esthetic lift. In a day of high production costs they can readily be dispensed with. For our money (which, after all, keeps the presses running) the colored chapter heading can also be dispensed with when production costs come down again.

* * *

So far as our number-one researcher can determine, John Bakeless's "The Eyes of Discovery," a fascinating panorama of what America looked like when it was new, is the first book to give credit, in its multitude of acknowledgments, to stack-boys. Mr. Bakeless pays specific homage to "the pages of the American History Room" of the New York Public Library. Come on, fellows, all together—three cheers for Bakeless!

* * *

Tex McCrary and Jinx Falkenburg recently interviewed John Dos Passos for the *New York Herald Tribune*, and accompanying the interview was a photograph of Mr. Dos Passos the caption of which identified him as "one of the four greatest living American novelists." The other three, apparently, are Ernest Hemingway, who is the only other novelist mentioned in the interview. —J. T. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Anti-Snob Snob Appeal

SIR: I ordinarily read your film articles with great interest and admiration, but Hollis Alpert's article "Strictly for the Art Houses" [*SRL* Apr. 28] contains some material rather below the usual quality in several respects.

There is one variety of snob Mr. Alpert neglects to mention, namely the anti-snob snob. This type occupies itself with pointing out how foolish it is to possess "snobbish" tastes and deriding the supposed snobs in exactly the way they deride other people. Mr. Alpert seems to lay himself open to identification as the latter sort.

It would be unfortunate, I think, if Mr. Alpert were correct in saying that "there is seldom the danger of missing any foreign film produced in the last decade" in the New York City area, because of the profusion of "art houses." He should be aware that a large proportion of foreign productions never have a chance of showing in U. S. theatres, New York or elsewhere, because they are not good enough to compare with the domestic product; those which *do* appear generally make a quite creditable showing to audiences that are significant though not massive.

Mr. Alpert by omission of other considerations implies that two factors have produced the current "popularity" of art houses: snob appeal and "sex in frank, liberal doses." He must, with regard to the latter, have come in contact with the advertising material used to plug "Bitter Rice" as opposed to that for "Paisan" and "Bicycle Thief"; and he can hardly be serious in describing the situation as he does.

ERNEST CALLENBACH.

Chicago, Ill.

"You dare throw one more book at me and I'll go home to Mother."

Gas Ovens or the Dragon

SIR: David Riesman in his provocative article "Bookworms and the Social Soil," [*SRL* May 5] calls our attention to that abhorent school of thought which would banish fairy stories from the nursery and the classroom in favor of such factual knowledge as how water runs out of faucets —all in the belief that this substitution promotes "integration of the personality" and "adjustment to reality." In plain English, if a child's environment contains a concentration camp it is better for him to understand the operation of the gas oven than to confuse it with a dragon. Especially if he fancies himself in the role of St. George.

MARGARET LEE SOUTHARD.

Hingham, Mass.

Magazine Postage

SIR: Contingents of magazine publishers are still testifying before the House Post Office Committee in Washington. They have found it difficult to ignore the proposed 100 per cent increase in postal rates on periodicals. As one might expect, they're against it.

It is hard to understand why magazine readers have been inarticulate on this subject. I have talked with many who are not even interested. Though the proposed hike would be spread over three years, many periodicals might be forced to the wall. This possibility includes, of course, the least profitable ones. And among these are some of the best. A more terrifying possibility is that some would weather the gale by cutting quality.

I should assume the American public to be magazine-conscious. Except for newspapers (which would also be affected by the postal rate increase), magazines are the only reading material in millions of American homes. If Congress is bent on taking a long stride toward taxing adult education out of existence it is certainly toying with a sure-fire device.

EDWARD H. DARE.

New York, N. Y.

More Tolerable Life

SIR: Most refreshing was the letter "Has Science Failed?" by Malcolm H. Bissell [*SRL* May 5].

It is assumed by most Americans and asserted by religious leaders and some statesmen that only religious mysticism can aid mankind in solving his problems. Even noted scientists have supported this view. It is often asserted that scientific achievements have led us into a wilderness of materialism that menaces civilization.

However, it is obvious that wherever religious mysticism is dominant mankind is most miserable. India today, for example. Life is more tolerable when religious mysticism is subordinated to a practical and materialistic view of man and his problems.

Man's search for the absolute via mysticism is responsible for the obscurantism that has confused all peoples in all history. This obscurantism prevents use of the scientific method in dealing with human relations. It may always be so.

OTTO MCFEELY.

Oak Park, Ill.

Obscenity in Literature

SIR: As a subscriber to your magazine I want to express my very great regret that you should have given so great publicity to the book "From Here to Eternity." Such publicity has doubtless gone far toward encouraging people to read it and also toward encouraging newspaper critics to endorse it.

The book came to our local library, and I was asked to read it. Never have I found within the covers of any book more vulgarity, obscenity, and plain filth than in this book. If this represents the best we have in present-day literature then may God have mercy upon us.

If you personally have a boy or

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girl of teen age would you put this book into his or her hand and say, "Your father's magazine calls this a 'notable book'"? By your front-page display of the face of the author you are saying exactly that to our youth.

HERBERT C. LIBBY.

Waterville, Me.

SIR: I propose a solution to the Four-Letter Question: Let there be inscribed on the covers and dust jackets of all books which contain any of those words the phrase "Dirty Words." This would remove all justification from the protest that the unwary reader may buy a pig in a poke and may help to remove the more serious threat to the reading freedom of those less prudish members of the reading public. Incidentally, it would also stimulate book sales—although it would then be obvious that nobody is twisting anybody else's arm. Did not Shakespeare say, "Methinks the lady doth protest too much"?

As for the overworked arguments on the esthetic plane (that "Milton didn't have to . . ." and "The true artist transforms, etc.") I wonder if it has occurred to the modest arbiters of excellence that the writers they condemn probably couldn't care less. No doubt the writers are wrong. Of course, they could not know as much about, nor have such fine opinions on, the true nature of literature as the nine-to-five commuter.

You will note I have proposed a *solution* to the question; perhaps the best *answer* that has ever been coined is the old French saying "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

JOHN T. DWYER.

Chicago, Ill.

Inaccurate Albion

SIR: I notice that the old English tradition of playing fast and loose with American nomenclature is not dead. The recent biography of Florence Nightingale by Cecil Woodham-Smith [*SRL* Mar. 10] is such an excellent portrayal of one of the least Victorian of great Victorians that I suppose one should be grateful and not cavil at the reference to "Dr. Ward Howe," the husband of Julia Ward Howe. Why does Mrs. Woodham-Smith feel at liberty to change Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe into Ward Howe? Would she call Elizabeth Barrett Browning's husband Barrett Browning? And I think Mrs. Howe wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," not "Battle Hymn of the American Republic."

I was also puzzled by the author's reference to Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, who—we are informed—was a medical student at the "University of Geneva in the State of New York." I did what Mrs. Woodham-Smith could have done, looked it up and discovered that Dr. Blackwell went to a small school called Geneva Medical College, then allied with Hobart College, now a part of Syracuse University.

There are a couple of other English books which display the same cavalier attitude towards American names. R. F. Harrod's excellent life of John Maynard Keynes refers to Herbert Feis as Herbert Feiss and turns Archibald MacLeish's last name into McLeish. Then there is the "Diary of a Dean," by the venerable English ecclesiastic W. R. Inge, who repays the hospitality of ex-President Arthur T. Hadley of Yale by referring to him as ex-President Hordley.

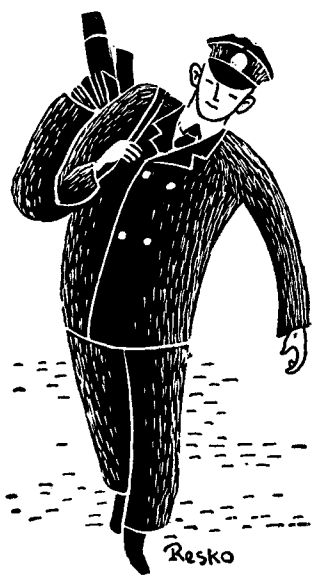
MORTIMER SMITH.

Sandy Hook, Conn.

Broken Confidence

SIR: In his editorial "Good Will and Survival" [*SRL* Apr. 28] Norman Cousins with manifest disgust selected the most hysterical of letters to illustrate his point. I submit that the basis for these violent outcries is more alarming than the emotional results and that *SRL* deliberately avoids mention of the corruption in our midst, the broken confidence in our President, and the moral degradation, evidenced by the findings in our various Congressional hearings, in our Government.

Anyone not advocating the complete gutting of our resources for an admittedly stricken world is referred to with contempt as an isolationist. There *are* people in America who mindful of the sufferings of others would do all possible to help but yet not advocate a Socialist program, which can bring economic disaster to our country. They feel trapped and impotent and entirely misunderstood. If billions of our money now wasted in the fantastic bureaucratic confusion existing in our Government were used



instead for the purposes of helping other countries to recover, we could at the same time preserve our country from collapse. Cannot American ideals be served and strong friendships be developed among nations without economic ruin?

MRS. RICHARD F. PATTERSON.

No. Hollywood, Calif.

The Religious Murderers

SIR: Joseph Bornstein's "The Politics of Murder," which Quincy Howe reviewed [*SRL* Feb. 3], tells how terror and killing have been used against political foes in modern times. Mr. Howe concludes: "The political fanatic who denies any world and any life beyond the here and now does not scruple to snuff out that one life which those who believe in another world and another life hold sacred."

The words seem to imply that such murders are less likely to come from those who believe in another world. Does Mr. Howe mean this? If so has he forgotten how assassination was used by such Italian despots as the Borgias, none of whom was rebuked by his church for irreligion? Nor were Moslems, in particular, the very sect known as Assassins, to be classed as atheists. Pious Catholics killed off Albigenses and Huguenots; and among Protestants, too, belief in another world did not keep fanatics from slaying the foes of the religious state which even the reformed religion deemed essential.

Indeed, it was the very belief in another world which added to the fury of the slayers. In addition to the normal human dislike for people who reject our favorite ideas, they cherished the dogma that the heretic, because he imperiled the chance for eternal life in Heaven, was worse than the murderer, who killed only the mortal body. Disbelief in the dogmas does not make people better. But neither does it make them worse.

HENRY NEUMANN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Putting Research Into Print

SIR: The *SRL* has several times during the past year devoted space to the unfortunate lot of the university presses. Certainly they publish much of the biographical, historical, and humanistic research in this country.

But very little of the truly scientific publication in the United States is left in their hands. Scientific research to be valuable must be made available to other scientists shortly after it is completed. Studies may contain such masses of raw data that publication runs to hundreds of pages. Other studies are reported in brief notes, in articles, and in short and highly condensed monographs. The university presses could no more handle these as a regular thing than could the large commercial houses. They are published by the various scientific societies, supported largely by membership dues.

To omit mention of the publication programs of these societies is to distort the total picture of American publishing. It should be borne in mind that, except for the occasional help of private foundations, scientific publication in this country is in the hands of the scientists themselves. Despite the admirable attitude of many publishing firms toward non-profit items, the dissemination of research results through publication constitutes a self-perpetuating and a self-supporting system.

MARIAN W. SMITH.

Berkeley, Calif.

In Agreement with Sutton

SIR: For a long time now I have been enjoying BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, but what finally got me around to writing this letter is that I have just come back from a three-month trip to Europe and find myself in complete agreement with everything Horace Sutton has written—even to the unerring characters outside the travel bureaus. I tried my damndest to fool these fellows with my best French-Canadian, but it never worked!

WILLIAM DOHENY.

Montreal, Canada

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MUSIC

(*Continued from page 21*)

of Bach's symbolism bears little resemblance to the sweeping and superficial generalizations that are often blamed on him.

The selections are somewhat repetitive, and they include some that are of interest only to Schweitzer devotees. But even among those who thought they had grasped the many-sidedness of Schweitzer and the intensity of his participation in various fields many will be surprised to encounter in his technical writings on organ building a knowledge as detailed and practical as a garage mechanic's. Taken all together these selections tell us of an extraordinarily gifted and good man from whom we have much to learn.

The translation does not read badly. But the editor-translator makes Bach a chorister "at the boarding-school of the lycée" at Lüneburg; he refers to the Neukirche and the Peterskirche in Leipzig as the "Temple Neuf" and "St. Pierre"; he calls the unfinished three volumes of the Widor-Schweitzer edition of Bach's organ works "three more volumes of Bach's choral compositions"; and he imagines that Mühlhausen in Alsace, where Schweitzer went to school, and Mühlhausen in Thuringia, where Bach once served as choirmaster, are the same place.

Music & Dance Notes

MUSIC AND SOCIETY. By Wilfrid Mellers. Roy. $3.50. Illumined by remarkable erudition combined with deep musical sensitivity and literary artistry, this account of the evolution of English musical styles in relation to social concepts shows the importance of the social background in shaping British music and explains plausibly the flowering of this music at certain periods as well as the lack of a first-rate musical culture from Purcell's time until the present.

From medieval monody as a religious manifestation and polyphony as a group activity to England's first distinctive school of composition in the fourteenth century and throughout the glorious production of the Renaissance England maintained a continuity in which musical creativity resulted from social and religious influences. But a discordant social order in the seventeenth century—marked by civil war, stratification of society, and disparity between popular and cultivated taste—contributed to the breakdown of music and failure to establish an operatic tradition. Eighteenth-century middle-class culture saw the rise of the public concert, substituting passive listening for participation, mammoth Handelian choruses for religious experience. And nineteenth-century materialism brought further discontinuity of the native tradition. Only recently has England's musical heritage been rescued from its disintegration during the baroque through Vaughan Williams's rediscovery of a vigorous Tudor tradition based upon folk song and through the efforts of younger contemporary composers — Rubbra, Tippett, Britten, for example—to reestablish contact with the English and European past.

—NAN COOKE CARPENTER.

THE SOUL OF MUSIC. By R. W. S. Mendl. Macmillan. $3.50. Mr. Mendl investigates here "the relationship between music and the world outside itself" by considering music's dual nature: a nature independent, self-governing, expressing only general ideas and emotions but also closely related to the outside world, depicting natural phenomena, human ideas, dance rhythms. Its independence is responsible for its relatively late development among the arts; its interdependence, for any development at all.

The self-evident contradictions in this thesis are nowhere overcome. Esthetically the author works from a pathetic fallacy, assigning to music qualities—religious, emotional, ethical —specifically human. As to recent development (meaning the last few centuries) one need only recall music's unique position among the Greeks, with whose philosophy, religion, mathematics, and literature it was inextricably bound. Color appears here only in terms of modern instrumental practices; completely overlooked is the medieval composer, supremely subtle in exploring tone-qualities with limited means. Mr. Mendl's criticism of present-day terminology suggests no remedies except to substitute "diatonic-chromatic" for "classic-romantic," which would pose more problems than the present dichotomy.

Stylistic analyses of certain forms here are illuminating—especially the waltz as related to modern life. But music's independence is never actually allowed; to find the symphonic poem, for example, ideal for "plumbing the depths of human nature" again confuses objective and subjective. For music is everywhere *sui generis*, expressing itself, not feelings and emotions. Nor is it for this reason any less meaningful to listener or performer, who may bring to it whatever associations he wishes. —N. C. C.

HOW TO ENJOY BALLET. By Arnold L. Haskell. Morrow. $3. Since ballet is an art that appeals as much to the senses as to the intellect any attempt to inform the curious how to enjoy it has its difficulties. Even the very experienced Arnold Haskell, who has been associated with ballet since the Diaghileff days and is now director and principal of the Sadler's Wells School, is at times ambiguous and makes it quite clear that in the final analysis it is a matter of taste and experience. It's not that Mr. Haskell is deficient in information. Perhaps he knows too much to write a book for beginners. Unintentionally he takes it for granted that the reader will have a certain store of information upon which to draw: a mistake in any how-to book. The jacket blurb calls this book "a practical guide." A guide, yes; a practical guide—well, no.

And there are some inconsistencies. On page forty we learn that "a dancer's role is as set as an actress's. The dancer can no more vary the steps of, let us say, 'Swan Lake' than the actress can add words of her own to the lines Shakespeare made Ophelia speak." But on page seventy-four, "there are, however, certain changes made in all these old ballets by the dancers who interpret the roles—changes of fashion, the modification of a step that does not suit the particular dancer, and so on." In one place Mr. Haskell can find only four living ballerinas worthy of the name: Markova, Toumanova, Fonteyn, and Chauviré; a handful, including Nina Wyroubova, are "aspirants of personality." Later on in the book, "There are few Ballerinas at any period. Those that I know today . . . are Markova, Toumanova, Fonteyn, Chauviré, and Wy-

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roubova." Lucky W., to have received so fast a promotion.

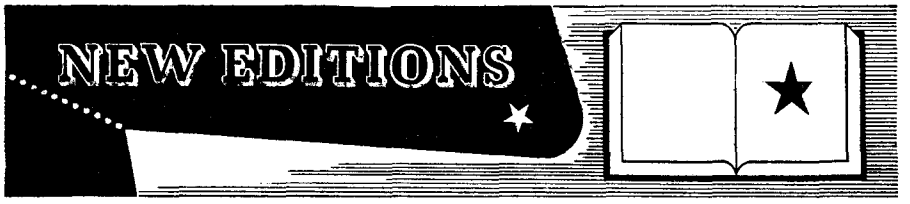
Mr. Haskell's background being what it is, many items of interest are present. Nobody will learn how to enjoy ballet through this book, but the average reader will get an idea of the countless details that go into the making of a ballet performance. There are many fine illustrations, too, and especially novel are the early pictures of Baronova, Toumanova, Markova, and Riabouchinska.

—ROSALYN KROKOVER.

THE BALLET ANNUAL (1951). *Edited by Arnold L. Haskell. Macmillan.* $4.50. This is the fifth issue of "The Ballet Annual," edited by the English dance critic Arnold L. Haskell. It is designed to furnish a record of ballet and dance for the 1949-50 season in England in particular, other countries in general. The major section of the book is devoted to a chronological survey of what went on in London, special attention being focused on the visits of the New York City Ballet and Ballet Theatre. Haskell's critical pungency considerably spices the writing here. Then come the contributors from Paris, Monte Carlo, Australia, America, Austria, Denmark. The American writers include Anatole Chujoy (who talks about his dance encyclopedia), Irving Kolodin (who presents a thumbnail biography of Sol Hurok and what he stands for), and Walter Terry (who occupies himself with George Balanchine). There also are an index of new dance books, complete rosters of the companies which appeared in London, and a check list of ballets. Some rather wonderful photographs, too.

All of this has its value whether bibliographical or literary, even if it does somewhat present the appearance of a notable hodgepodge. Since "The Ballet Annual" is the only publication of its kind one thankfully accepts it, reservations or not. And certainly there is much of interest in Haskell's critical reaction to the choreographic works presented by the American companies. In some instances he echoes the New York critics, in others he is altogether opposed; but the main thing is that his criteria seem to be a little different from American criteria. If Haskell represents his British critical colleagues—and to a certain extent he does—the sets of values he poses make for some fascinating speculation on the nature of criticism and its relation to national characteristics.

—R. K.



GEORGE VERNADSKY'S "A History of Russia," which has enjoyed continuous success since its publication in 1929, is now available in a third revised edition (Yale University Press, $4). Many readers will find the early chapters of this chronicle dark and confusing, but the historian can hardly be blamed for that; the years treated were both. Other readers may question Professor Vernadsky's proportions — 213 pages for all the centuries down to 1914 and 287 pages for the years since then—but it may be argued that the last few decades of Russian history have an importance for the Western world that outweighs all that went before.

No one, I think, will accuse the Yale professor of being unfair to the Soviet leaders; indeed, some readers may protest that he is more than fair. He maintains that Russia was sacrificed to the interests of France and England during the First World War; he cautiously justifies on dubious negative evidence the purges of 1937-38; he describes Russia as the one country that worked steadily and sincerely for peace between the wars; he is an apologist for the invasion of Finland and the Nazi-Soviet pact; and he advances the thesis that the Communist International's organization of revolutionary cells and parties in capitalistic countries was a defensive rather than an offensive action. Also, in passing, he refers to former Ambassador Davies as a keen observer of the international situation. Whether or not one agrees with all the professor's judgments one admires the skill with which he has marshaled and the conciseness with which he has presented his facts. His treatment of the troubled months between the two Revolutions of 1917 is particularly good. This history deserves its success, if for no other reason, because of the lucidity with which it traces the steps that have brought Russia and the Western powers to the tragic positions in which they now stand.

Having thoroughly tested over a period of several months the second edition of "Essentials of Russian" (Prentice-Hall, $5), I can testify that this textbook, prepared by A. V. Gronicka and H. Zhemchuzhnaya-Bates, is ideal for self-instruction as well as for classroom use. By easy stages—or, at least, by stages as easy as possible—the student is led into the wilderness and onto the vast steppes of the Russian language, with its three genders, its instrumental and prepositional cases, its "negative genitive," its perfective and imperfective verb forms, its two adjectival declensions, its eccentrically declined numerals, and its sliding, slipping, protean pronunciations. It may be recalled that Frederick Bodmer, author of "The Loom of Language," threw up his hands when he came to Russian. "There is," wrote Mr. Bodmer, "no royal road to fluency in a language which shares the grammatical intricacies of Sanskrit, Lithuanian, or Russian. It is therefore impossible to give the reader who wishes to learn Russian any good advice except to take the precaution of being born and brought up in Russia." But even if one cannot attain fluency in the tongue of Pushkin one can at least obtain some illuminating glimpses into the verbal patterns within which Stalin does his thinking and Vishinsky does —or did?—his shouting.

Among notable Russian conquests is the bloodless triumph of Anton Tchehov (to follow Constance Garnett's not entirely satisfactiory transliteration of his name), who for some years led many Western storytellers, playgoers, and critics by the nose and whose best work promises to be long-lived. But no reader should be blind to the disparity between this author's best and his pot-boiling worst, just as no writer should believe that he can become another Tchehov by merely imitating the master's manner and mannerisms. Three of his finest stories, "My Life," "In the Ravine," and "The Darling," are among the twenty-five that make up the Chatto & Windus edition of "Select Tales of Tchehov," translated by Mrs. Garnett, imported by Macmillan ($2.75). Macmillan is also reprinting its attractive "complete edition" of Tchehov's stories (13 vols., $1.50 each), leading off with "The Darling and Other Stories" and "The Duel and Other Stories."

The handy new Penguin Books edition of Shaw's plays should be widely welcomed. "Caesar and Cleopatra," "Pygmalion," and "Saint Joan" (25¢ each) are now ready.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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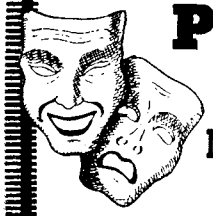

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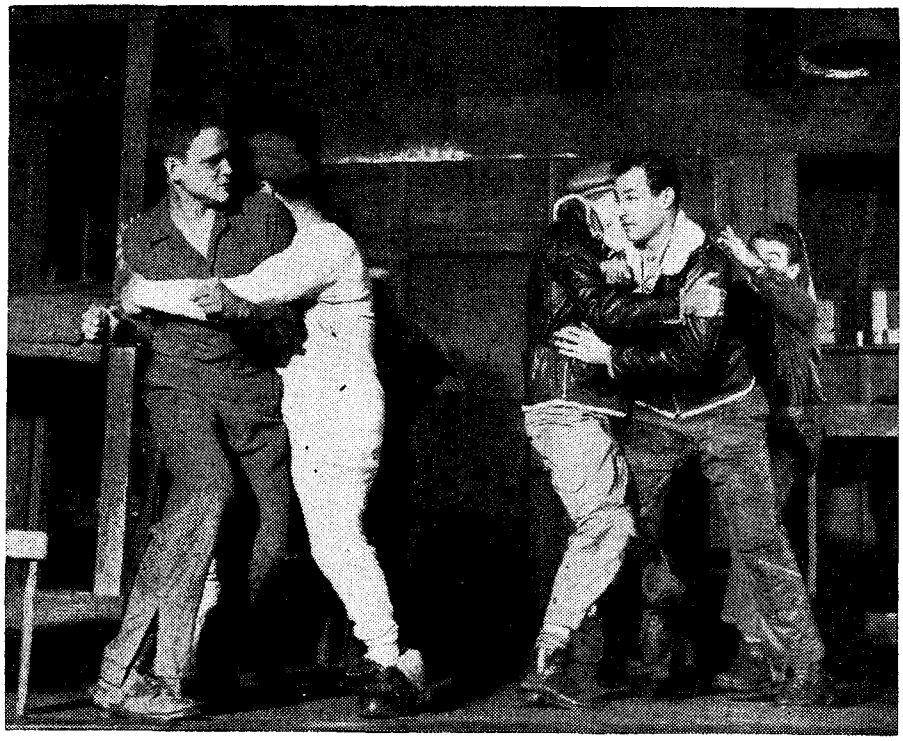

—*Kas & Joseph Heppner.*

John Ericson (left) and dormitory mates—"disarming in its unpretentiousness."

IN AUSTRIA there is a small city called Krems which, according to the "Britannica," is noted (at least it once was) for its trade in wine, saffron, and tobacco, and its manufacture of mustard, vinegar, and steel goods. It seems unlikely, however, that in the minds of many younger Americans who knew it in World War II Krems is associated with wines and saffron. Probably its name suggests vinegar, and only vinegar, to them. With reason, too, because it was in Krems that they were confined in a Nazi Stalag. And Stalag, should you have forgotten, is an abbreviation for Stammlager meaning a base camp for enlisted men who were prisoners of war.

If "Stalag 17"* has now bobbed up under its actual name as the title of a play, it is because among those who faced its boredom, its hardships, and its terrors were Donald Bevan and Edmund Trzcinski, a gunner and a radio man who happened to be interested in the stage. It was behind the barbed wire in a barrack at Stalag 17 that they met and spent a good deal of time together after being shot down on missions over Germany. The play these Air Force veterans have written from their pooled memories of imprisonment is defined by them as a "comedy melodrama," which is precisely what it is. It could not be more disarming in its unpretentiousness. In scene after scene it floats along corkwise on the surface of its subject. It neither offers nor means to offer any competition to such more probing dramas about the last war as "The Hasty Heart," "Home of the Brave," and most particularly "A Sound of Hunting." Yet it succeeds in providing an evening full of laughs and excitement, too.

The laughs could not be easier, more slapdash, or more elementary. For the most part they are dormitory jokes in uniform. If their I.Q. would not tax the minds of those whose knowledge of literature is confined to comic books, that is perhaps part

**STALAG 17, a comedy melodrama by Donald Bevan and Edmund Trzcinski. Directed by José Ferrer. Associate producer, Richard Condon. Setting by John Robert Lloyd. Costumes by Noel Taylor. Presented by Mr. Ferrer. With a cast including John Ericson, Robert Strauss, Harvey Lembeck, Laurence Hugo, Frank Maxwell, Lothar Rewalt, Otto Simanek, Ludwig Roth, Mark Roberts, Allan Melvin, etc. At the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, New York City. Opened May 8, 1951.*

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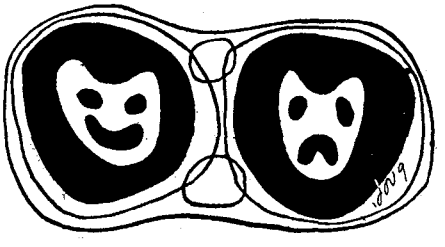
of their rightness. The latrine, sexual hunger, bad food, and personal insults are the mainsprings of their humor. Furthermore, the young men who win these laughs are no more than the externally observed types one has come to expect in combat scripts which seek to present a cross section of America's armed forces. Even so, these characters, like the gags in which they indulge, serve their purpose. Both are in sharp contrast to the grimness of the scene and situation. Both lead to melodramatic interludes, the complete effectiveness of which can best be measured by the audience's audible responses.

The source of the tension in "Stalag 17" is the existence of an informer among these young Americans. No one, of course, knows which of them he is. As almost goes without saying, the wrong man, an improper Bostonian, a fellow who is tough and sullen and nourishes a grudge against life, is at the outset held responsible for the betrayal of the confidences and plans of escape which invariably reach the Nazi officials.

Far be it from me to indicate the twists of Mr. Bevan's and Mr. Trzcinski's plot or to divulge the identity of their villain. That would be the dirtiest of dirty tricks. I do feel compelled, though, to point out how effectively José Ferrer has managed as a director to make humor the helpmate of excitement, and to applaud the excellence with which John Ericson, blessed as he is with the force of an incipient Paul Kelly, plays the surly Bostonian who is unjustly suspected. I must also note the general competence of the cast; mention how funny Robert Strauss and Harvey Lembeck are as two of the barrack's grubbier inmates; and indicate the vividness with which John Robert Lloyd's setting suggests the squalid discomfort of a prison camp.

BUT let me come back to the audience's audible responses at the first performance of "Stalag 17." It is not often at present that theatregoers become so emotionally involved that, in the undoubting mood of children at a Punch-and-Judy show, they shout warnings to imperiled actors. Yet this is what happened at Mr. Bevan's and Mr. Trzcinski's premiere, and an exhilarating experience it was.

As is the way of life, playgoers have



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lost as much as they have gained by growing up. The theatre's business is not only to give pleasure but to merchandise illusion. Sophisticated spectators know that the reality of what they are seeing depends upon their willingness to pretend that it is real. Total surrender (meaning the willingness and ability to confuse the make-believe with the true) is a form of naïveté that nowadays is infrequently encountered.

In the frontier theatre, attended by simpler folk among whom were many who had never seen a play before, it was common enough. Actors playing sinister parts then lived more dangerously than they realized or than playwrights intended. Take, for example, the stalwart young farmer who, according to Joseph Jefferson, at a rural performance of "The Lady of Lyons" warned the villain not to interfere again "if he knew what was best for him."

Even today—yes, and among city slickers who pride themselves on being veterans of countless first nights—such audience participation does occasionally occur during the performance of a melodrama. In its way it is the ultimate compliment. Surely no one who saw "Angel Street" can have forgotten how, when Leo G. Carroll as the detective who was about to hide left his hat in full view on the stage, harrowed playgoers screamed to him to come back and get it. The audience at "Stalag 17" is no less a part of the proceedings. More than being a contributor to the fun, this is a proof of it.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

SRL Goes to the Movies

NISEI, NAZIS, MARTYRS & MAILMEN

ROBERT Pirosh, who wrote the screen play for "Battleground," has been given the chance to direct his own script for another M-G-M war film called "Go for Broke." Left on his own Mr. Pirosh has surmounted many of the obstacles of formula and familiarity inherent in the making of one more of a long line of films celebrating our combat forces of World War II and has given us something that is not only genuinely stirring but speaks out movingly and forcefully on behalf of a harassed group of Americans. The men who do the fighting this time are the Nisei, Japanese-Americans who made up a fighting outfit that came out of the last war as celebrated as any that went into it. This outfit was the 442nd Regimental Combat Team: its record in Italy is publicly known enough not to have to go into casualty totals nor the number of decorations and citations showered upon individuals and units. "Go for Broke" (the term in Nisei colloquial stands for "shoot the works") tells something of how the honors were earned. The picture at the same time makes no bones about the harsh prejudice these men, because of their derivations, suffered before and during their terms of service and shows the qualities of dignity and courage that were necessary in order for them to overcome the handicaps imposed upon them.

They fought—knowing their relatives and friends were interned in "relocation" camps, a step taken in the distant eventuality of a Japanese invasion of the West Coast. They volunteered for combat duty—knowing that barriers to equal American opportunity existed for them and perhaps would continue to exist when the war was over. The movie has the strong virtue of making all this clear.

The story has Van Johnson as a lieutenant from Texas who is assigned unwillingly to the command of a platoon of Nisei and who must take them through training and combat. He has some clearly demarcated prejudices and he is slow to lose them, as eventually he does in most convincing fashion. Mr. Johnson can be a capable actor when he wants to and he shows his ability here. However, I suppose it is the Nisei actors who are to be most lauded, even though many of them are of the non-professional type. They may lack polish but they all are wonderful nevertheless. It would be unfair not to single out Henry Nakamura, an old Hollywood hand, but less experienced people like Lane Nakano, George Miki, and Akira Fukenaga also manage to get some very real poignance and humor from their roles. The battle scenes seem less "staged" than almost any I've yet seen on the screen, and it is Robert Pirosh who must get the credit for this and for building his fairly simple story line less in terms of plot than of meaning and understanding.

Nisei soldiers in "Go for Broke"—"a celebrated fighting outfit."

* * *

Nearly a hundred years ago an English Cardinal by the name of Nicholas Wiseman wrote a story of the early Christian martyrs called "Fabiola" (United Artists). Let us be kind and say that the book has not stood the test of time very well. This fact has been tacitly admitted by an American publisher, P. J. Kennedy, who before reissuing the work concurrently with the release of the movie decided to have it rewritten and "modernized" by Eddie Dougherty, a newspaperman. My job, however, isn't to report on the book but on the picture which had, in a sense, to be rewritten, too, before being shown here. To save confusion perhaps you

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had better follow me closely for the next few sentences.

The movie "Fabiola" was made in Italy with some French actors, including Michele Morgan, Henry Vidal, and Michel Simon, and was directed by an Italian. Now some Americans come into the thing (and some American blocked funds probably): Marc Connelly and Fred Pressburger did an English adaptation, and the voices coming from the sound-track, or issuing, presumably, from the mouths of Mlle. Morgan, M. Simon, et al., are also American or perhaps English. In other words, these voices have been dubbed in, a process foreign audiences viewing *our* pictures have often been subjected to. Well, vengeance is theirs. Henry Vidal speaks like a Yale graduate and makes love to Michele Morgan with a Parisian flair. We have Michel Simon playing a Roman senator with fine Gallic style and speaking English with a faint Scotch burr. For some reason I kept being reminded of Francis the talking mule throughout; same dubbing process, I guess.

The story—to get to *that*—deals at excruciating and bewildering length with the politics and tribulations of Christianity in old Rome. I couldn't follow it at all, though I think I was supposed to see certain contemporary parallels; my mind was bothered by the crass thought of four million dollars' worth of Italian lira being spent on the nonsense. There ought to be a law on how those blocked funds are made use of by movie people.

After that experience it was refreshing to have French actors speak French and those old familiar titles on the screen in "Au Grand Balcon" (Hakim), which has to do with the starting up of the French air-mail system. Pierre Fresnay, who is always capable no matter what role he is compelled to represent, is properly inspired here as a farsighted airline operator bound to get that damned mail through no matter what. The pilots who work for him are all nice, enthusiastic boys, too, and though they sometimes doubt just why the hell they should risk their lives over a few letters they are always convinced by the clipped eloquence of M. Fresnay, who tells them that it's not just mail but the French spirit they're carrying through the clouds to distant places. Maybe so, maybe so, but my eyes remained dry. I doubt if an American audience is going to get all whipped up about whether "La Ligne" gets through to Santiago or not, but there are some nice moments in this, nevertheless. And it's a good picture to practise your French on, since it's all told on a fairly elementary level. —Hollis Alpert.

TV and Radio

ODD THOUGHTS ABOUT ODD THINGS

TIP to TV writers: the two big writing plums of the new season will be the new Dagmar show.

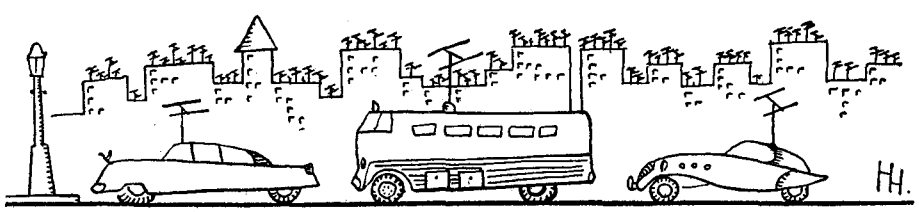
Television is confusing enough, but the announcement in the trade press a week ago is that sponsors who every summer gave their radio shows a hiatus have decided in most cases to keep the shows on TV all summer. When there were portable and automobile radios for the listeners who went to the country for the hot spells the sponsors took the shows off. What complex thinking leads them to expect the listeners to sit around a hot room watching television I can't fathom. Very few persons are as fortunate as I am in having the new television-radio-phonograph console trailer model which works on any A-C beach.

One of my favorite television shows is "Twenty Questions." But the other night, just before Mothers' Day, there was a twenty-first question by the announcer who spiels for Ronson lighters. "Does your mother smoke?" he asked tenderly.

In my opinion the slickest produced television program is the Perry Como fifteen-minute three-times-a-week opus (CBS Mon., Wed., Fri.). The sets are the most effectively lighted, with a suggestion of action in the background for Mr. Como's songs. The frame for his singing of "Summertime" some nights ago should have been given one of the plethoric awards now being forced upon performers from all sides. And a special bow to the young lady in organdie in the background who sang an echo in contrapuntal accompaniment to Mr. Como and whose name I missed. As a matter of fact, the names of the producer, the director, and the ingenious cameramen who work the show are also missing in the credits. Perhaps they've asked for them to be left off because somebody has come up with a nauseating little commercial for the finish of the show. After Dick Stark announces that the cigarette he's hawking leaves no unpleasant breath and then takes a drag on one to prove it a young lady appears from left field and taps Mr. Stark on his broad shoulder. He always turns like a startled fawn, and before he can defend himself she kisses him lightly on the lips. She mulls it over for just a second and then stares into the camera and chirps: "You know—he's right. . . . And you can tell!" This is known in the trade as kiss and tell.

I think it's time somebody said something about James Melton. Aside from his singing Mr. Melton fancies himself a gifted master of ceremonies. I missed his first Ford show, but when he arrived on the second program after a fanfare from here to China he came dashingly forward and said in substance: "Well, last week Edgar Bergen was our guest, and we gave him a goat for a present." He chuckled inwardly at the very thought. "It's hard to figure out what to give a man who has everything." This broke him up completely, and his head of black wavy hair shook with laughter. He has an abundance of black wavy hair. So far.

And, while we're on singers, there is a dread feeling among them that they just can't stand there and sing a song, because television means action. A few shows ago Tony Martin, whose records I have been enjoying, strolled into a street scene in a French village. He was returning, as I gathered from the shoddy little plot, to the girl he had met during the war. He knocked on a door, and a buxom lady showed up in the latticed window. He asked in halting French for the girl, and the buxom lady made him understand the girl had gone away. Tony was heart sick. He walked four inches across the street of the crowded little set to a flower vendor and bought a rose. Then he walked back the four



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inches and knocked at the latticed window, and the buxom lady answered again. Tony gave her the rose, and she was overcome. Tony was a little overcome himself, and as he strolled toward the camera the wretched inequities of life were plainly etched in his sensitive face. And he sang "La Vie en Rose."

And did you see James Melton in a chef's outfit appear with an assistant baker to sing and bake some "Shortnin' Bread"?

Two shows which are most consistently of high quality—the Groucho Marx "You Bet Your Life," and "The Goldbergs." On the other hand, there are "Beat the Clock" and "Broadway Open House."

Mel Allen, I think, is the best baseball commentator. Next is Connie Desmond. And after him Vin Scully. As to the actual broadcasts and telecasts of the games, I thought the Giants used the same script too often. Eleven straight days, as a matter of fact.

The argument is soon to come up as to how much television is hurting the gate at the major league ball parks. I have a suggestion, which I offer free of charge. Why not telecast only the out-of-town games? That is, if the Giants are in Philadelphia telecast the games in every town except Philadelphia. When they're at home telecast the games in all the towns except New York. There are probably some flaws in this suggestion, but I prefer not to hear about them.

And while suggestions are being passed around here is another on the educational question, which made the front pages recently. It's all very fine and good to build a complete network devoted to education of the children, but it's another problem to get them to tune to that network. My suggestion is to combine education with the programs we now have. Couldn't Milton Berle at the conclusion of a joke suddenly say "The capital of North Dakota is Bismarck"? Couldn't Jimmy Durante after a song step forward and say "Thank you. The formula for nuclear fission is E equals MC, squared"? This would certainly be instructive, and it couldn't hurt the comedy programs I've seen. And it's insurance against the day when people are going to become accustomed to the novelty of a piece of furniture lighting up and begin reading again. —GOODMAN ACE.

FREE SOULS & SLAVE

(*Continued from page* 10)

company labor is becoming an integral factor, with social benefits such as pensions, medical insurance, savings plans, and maternity leave giving the worker something close to a proprietary interest in his job. The great unions work within the system rather than against it; while forecasting techniques and stabilization policies tend further to insure the institutional aspects of modern business.

These developments decrease the mobility of labor. It becomes more difficult for the individual to move from firm to firm and also perhaps to move up the ladder into areas where professional standards and training begin to prevail. These are dangers that need to be watched and which can in considerable measure be mitigated by foresighted policies. But the chief results of the capitalist transformation is undoubtedly to free the individual from oppressive routines, to give him scope to exercise his talents and a sense of participation in creative tasks. To this extent the changing character of American business does answer the taunt of the neutralists in regard to "dehumanization" and the debasement of values.

There is, however, a disturbing paradox in the situation. The quasi-public nature of American capitalism depends upon the mass market; high wages and immense output are what give the people a direct feeling of involvement in the system, making it in the broadest sense popular and democratic. Yet the mass market is precisely what seems ominous to the European intellectuals. They are shocked by the abundance of things in which the American seems to place his faith—by the cars and television sets and milk shakes and juke boxes. Coca-Cola has become the symbol of a general vulgarization of taste and feeling; where the sign of the fatal bottle appears the intellectual shivers under the threat of a new oppression. "It is a question," cried *Le Monde* of Paris, "of the whole French moral landscape!" Even those who might admit that American business is solving the human problem in terms of its employees insist that it is committing fresh sins in terms of the consumer.

It is difficult to defend the particular objectives to which the consumers attach importance—though under the discipline of the machine an esthetic purity and perfection of form is in many cases being achieved. More to the point is an understanding of the precise way in which the American looks upon material things. Do they distort or confine the spirit? Do they become a substitute for deeper apprehensions of value in life? Undoubtedly they very often do. But the answer that emerges in various forms from these two books is that the American is saved from the grosser forms of materialism and mechanization by a certain basic detachment, by an inner freedom that rejects the world even when it appears most submissive to its trinkets and baubles. The Puritan ethic demanded of the saint that he wear his wealth as a light cloak which he could cast off at any moment; and something of this has remained despite the multitude of things that attract a backsliding generation.

The European, with his deep roots and his immemorial associations, justifies property in terms of its relation to personality. His belongings make visible and secure what would otherwise be fleeting impulses and unsatisfied desires. Possessing an object he comprehends and enfolds it; he makes it speak for some part of his permanent being. But the American doesn't have "possessions" in this sense—he only has *things*; and these are without any profound significance in his life. If the pink bathtubs and the Coca-Cola bottles were really extensions of the inner man that would be something to worry about! But the American, while he dwells in his tent of abominations, gets a whiff of the serene airs of a removed and Platonic virtue.

A PARALLEL may be seen in the American's attitude toward clubs, committees, associations, and all the numberless forms of voluntary group life into which he pours so large a portion of his time and energies. The editors of *Fortune* have a chapter on The Busy, Busy Citizen; they draw from the disposition to form committees and join organizations some interesting suggestions for the return of social services to private initiative. But surely the most remarkable fact about the American as joiner is that in the midst of so many commitments he remains so utterly detached. He gives part of himself but he keeps the door open for a hasty retreat; and his loyalties are so crisscrossed and divided that he is in little danger of

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surrender. He may seem to lose his sense of direction and his peace of mind but in the midst of these distractions he very rarely loses himself.

I have mentioned Puritanism as a source of this detachment; Dr. Osusky stresses the life of the frontier and the challenge of brute things. The American was always moving on. He cared less to possess what he came upon than to by-pass it or even to destroy it; and at most he tamed it in a bemused and impersonal way.

This cavalier, almost hostile, attitude toward material things kept the freedom of the soul intact. Today the American sets up half mockingly a whole new world of obstacles and encumbrances to freedom; half playfully, as with his eternal gadgets, he extends the principle of the machine to areas where it works incongruously. But at his best he knows that all this is as unimportant as it is transitory; in the center sits the everlasting being—"a nondescript monster (as Emerson said of Walt Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass') which yet had terrible eyes and buffalo strength and was indisputably American."

The price of this attitude, needless to say, has been the waste that so understandably shocks Europeans; its trail is seen in the eroded fields and exploited forests that came near jettisoning the continent's magnificent natural heritage. But all that is at least better than the wastage and the destruction of man.

"The American battles the obstacles of nature" wrote Tocqueville in 1835, "the Russian, those of man. The former combats the wilderness and savagery, the latter, civilization with all its weapons. American conquests are made with the laborer's ploughshares; Russian triumphs with the soldier's sword. To attain his ends the American relies upon personal interest and allows free scope to the unguided energy and common sense of individuals. The Russian somehow concentrates the power of society in one man. The method of the former is freedom; of the latter, servitude."

The souls of both peoples have been tried in the epochs since Tocqueville wrote. When the wilderness was tamed the Americans created a new universe of things to frustrate and tempt him; the Russian when the outer world was not pressing in upon him created new enemies in his midst and applied to them the sword and the torture chamber. One has created commercial advertising to sell goods. The other has created propaganda to twist souls. Both may have sinned. It is for the neutralist to answer which sin is the more grievous for mankind.

August Heckscher is a New York Herald Tribune *editorial writer.*

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of criminal-bent. Then, there are the soldiers of some conscience, like Jack Kosek, the staff sergeant who attempts to bring Alois Resch to justice, and Irving Fein, the American Jew who assumes the welfare of his liberated coreligionists as his particular responsibility. There is love and there is mystery. The love story is that between Kosek, the American soldier, and Anna, the daughter of Alois Resch, the murderous industrialist. The mystery is in the gradual piecing-together by Kosek of Alois Resch's guilt of crimes against humanity.

There is another mystery here, but that must be in the reader's own mind. To this reader the mystery or question that came to mind was how America can ever hope to bring democracy to any conquered enemy when the tools are placed in the hands of such a crew of half-baked, drunken, puerile officers who come very much, though distastefully, alive throughout the pages of this novel.

Van Van Praag is the author of "Day Without End," a novel of World War II.

Fiction Notes

THE MAN ON THE COUCH. By James D. Proctor. Dial Press. $2.75. Bookstore cash registers make pretty reliable applause meters for measuring a light novel's success, and James D. Proctor's first book may well set them clanging. The audience of grateful chucklers for a sharp satire on psychoanalysis ought to be fairly large by now; whether or not they have been analyzed, few men can have escaped the bullying understanding of the bright-eyed psychoanalytic amateur. It is fine to have Mr. Proctor in there leading what begins as a well-organized counter-attack, and if at the end of his book he retires in some confusion it is not without having dealt some glorious blows at the beginning.

George Pringle is the man whose person, family, and neighbors are disrupted by the coming of Lovable Polly Freeman—jargon-mistress, case-historian, and self-appointed deliverer from darkness. George's struggle against the plausible indignities offered by Lovable Polly and by an expensive quack analyst is arduous for him and cheering for the reader; now and then, as in a sequence involving beer, herring, and maraschino cherries, the skirmish becomes hilarious.

—From the jacket of "The Man on the Couch."

Unfortunately, the account of George's final victory, which involves the services of a legitimate analyst, is not so funny and not so satisfying. There are several reasons for this. One is that Mr. Proctor has made the technical mistake of so stacking the situation against Lovable Polly that our once-lively antagonism toward her degenerates into a kind of pity. Another is that, as sometimes happens in stage farce, the author's inventiveness gets a little wild as the basic situation becomes less comic, leading him to introduce irrelevant characters and even slapstick to try to cover up.

However, the confusion which both author and reader feel is not really the result of a failure in comedy technique. It is, rather, a general confusion about the place and value of psychoanalysis itself. Only the most devoted converts and the most irresponsibly abusive opponents can feel any certainty about the science, and Mr. Proctor is neither one. Like most of us, he cannot really decide what an informed man's attitude toward psychoanalysis ought to be; and, though this does credit to his intellectual honesty, it weakens his book. For there is no such thing as two-sided satire.

—VANCE BOURJAILY.

THE ORACLE. By Edwin O'Connor. Harper & Bros. $2.75. The radio commentator is one figure in our national scene who has long been inviting major literary assault, the full treatment. He does not, unfortunately, get it here. The difficulty is that the attack seems on the face of it too easy and is too apt to degenerate (as it degenerates here) into farce. Mr. O'Connor has yielded to temptation; he has worked up a comical thin-paper cartoon of a radio commentator and then whaled away at it with a mosquito gun. Which is all right for knocking over paper men—but the radio commentator is a solid, subtle, resourceful beast and will have to be brought down with a bullet in his vitals.

Mr. O'Connor's "Oracle" is thin stuff, an approximation of all the popular jokes on commentators. Once he has permitted his man to be described thus: "He brings to every problem in statecraft the uncomplicated instincts of the sports reporter," and had somebody say, "It's perhaps Christopher's greatest advantage that he's disliked only by the people who know him" he has exhausted the possibilities of this little comic figure. The rest is slapstick and all sorts of wrestling, plus a dumber-than-usual blonde named Lura and a tougher-than-usual radio producer named Udolpho. Very thin and quite pointless by the time it has run its course.

—NATHAN L. ROTHMAN.

NO ODDS, NO VICTORY. By Aubrey Carney. Scribner's. $3. Back once more at Locksley College in New England after five war years that he wanted to forget John Gordon thought that he could recapture his old belief in the life of the mind. Instead, the suicide of another veteran, Blanchard Nixon, reawakened John's latent doubts about the relation of philosophy to life and about the future as a teacher which he had planned. In his effort to find his bearings again John's struggles interacted with those of five other people. There was Samuel Raphaelson, the philosophy professor who prided himself upon his intellectual detachment yet nursed a sense of shame at having turned aside years ago from positive action in the Zionist movement. There was Bruce Nixon, the proper-Bostonian cousin of the dead student, who glibly attributed the suicide to an involvement with a war nurse, Myra Charles. There was Myra herself, who had seen so much human waste during the war that she could not now stand even the lesser strain of civilian nursing. There was Malcolm Farrar, the instructor who confronted all life's problems with the armor of a rather adolescent cynicism. And there was Julie Underwood, the war widow of one of John's former teachers, who had imagined that she could recapture some of the past by returning to the Locksley campus.

Stylistically "No Odds, No Victory" has definite weaknesses: a tendency to slightly overwritten description and to needless shifts in point of view from John's mind to that of an omniscient author. But it is nonetheless an impressive first novel—impressive in its intensity, its concreteness, the effect of authenticity given by its characters, and its effort to come to

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terms with the problem of the individual's responsibility toward others.

—Dorothy Koch Bestor.

LETTER TO A CHILD. By Karen McKinley. Holt. $3. Women's magazines have published autobiographical articles (anonymous for obvious reasons) concerned with artificial insemination in the past few years, but this appears to be the first novel written on the subject. The device for unfolding the story is a letter written by a famous young artist, who is living incognito and in very comfortable circumstances in a country village, to her unborn child. No husband is in evidence, and the reader is allowed to believe what the neighbors suspect, that the child may be illegitimate. But it turns out that the painter, having lost her baby after her adored husband was killed in a plane crash, has become obsessed with her desire to have a child for whom she can carry out all that she and her husband had planned for their son. Turned down by a succession of adoption agencies because she is a widow, she persuades the old doctor who has been her husband's close friend to arrange matters for her, and it is this artificially conceived baby she awaits.

All the psychological ramifications of this theme would seem to be so conjectural and so delicate that an extraordinarily deft touch and rare sensitivity would be required. Even then it seems a little too removed from general experience to make good entertainment. In this novel, which aside from its unusual denouement belongs definitely in the class of popular fiction, the most abject sentimentality drips from every page and certainly affronts all common sense.

—Pamela Taylor.

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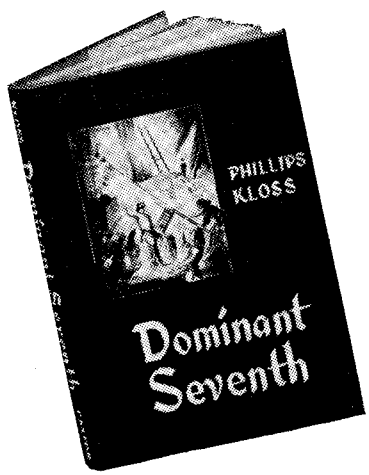

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

WEEK-END WITH WARING

WE HAVE been down to Shawnee - on - Delaware, a mammoth resort operated by a hotelman named Fred Waring, a gentleman who has also had to do with music, orchestras, choral groups, and Pennsylvanians. Shawnee-on-Delaware, as a matter of fact, has nothing to do with Delaware, being just over the New Jersey border inside Pennsylvania.

The Shawnee Inn is a 1,000-acre estate sitting alongside the Delaware River in the heart of the antiquelands of the Eastern Poconos. You can reach it in less than two and a half hours from either New York or Philadelphia. I can't speak for Philly, but if you come back to New York on Sunday night the only way to get into town in less than four hours is to drop by parachute.

Now, then, about the Inn. There is, to be sure, a large main building which houses a dining room, a night-club, and game room, not to mention most of the guests. It also has yards of porch suitably equipped with cane-backed rockers. Elsewhere on the reservation there are six cottages which will take anywhere from three to six people, and also Manwalamink, a separate lodge done up in early un-American decor, possessing its own kitchen and extremely popular with anyone who wants to toss a house-party.

Most anywhere you look you will see great stretches of magnificent lawn, fine old shade trees, and always the winding river. Not much goes on in the river, which is used for scenery, as a course for outboard motorboats, and as an obstacle for the golf course Shawnee will have a fishing license awaiting you on your arrival if you say so, but the play is mostly in the tributary streams of the Delaware. Trout and bass are the catch.

Along the edge of the river is an outdoor swimming pool, a cement shuffleboard court, an 18-hole putting green, and a pair of tennis courts. The lawns are broad enough to accommodate a practice golf hole, and you can rent a bag of old balls, hire a caddy to shag your shots, and whale away all afternoon without fear of slicing a drive into somebody's window.

The golf course is a championship, 18-hole arrangement which attracts many of the big tournaments and is equally popular with the duffers. Wandering streams from the Delaware separate some of the tees from some of the greens, a geographical oddity that induces many people to top their drives into the water. Fellow in a rowboat, equipped with a long pole with a basket on the end of it, said he'd already scooped out fifty balls and expected to have seventy before the day was out.

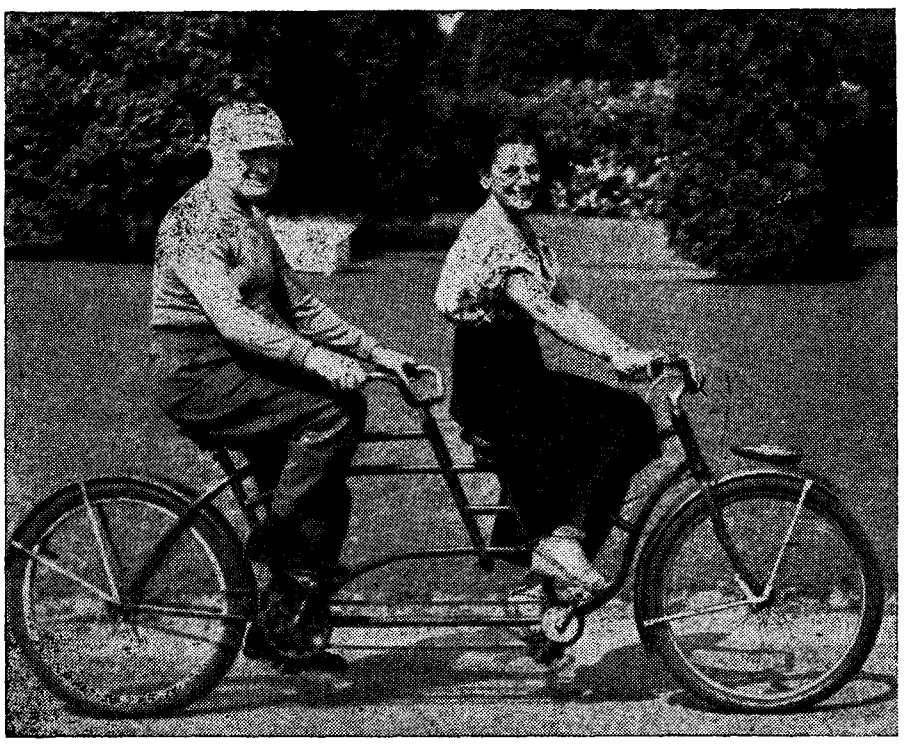
Shawnee has no fewer than nine professionals under the direction of one Harry Obitz. The green fees are $3 for guests of the house, but if you join the Shawnee Country Club ($75 a year) the green fees are overlooked. More important, the club has a clubhouse which is the only place on the premises where you can buy a drink on Sundays.

Every Sunday afternoon at four all nine professionals give an exhibition in golfing techniques intended as a clinic for your game. After watching the boys at work you might well burn your clubs.

THE fare at Shawnee is good, solid straightaway American plan with a customary Saturday steak dinner, breakfasts that include calves liver, Philadelphia scrapple, and salt mackerel, and you can stuff it away until you're cross-eyed. Since the place is in the Pennsylvania Dutch country once a week the menu is loaded with such things as shoo-fly pie, fried waffles, and Pennsylvania Dutch sausage. You can get your lunch in the dining room, but a whopping buffet is spread on the lawn every day, and you can eat under umbrella-topped tables. Every now and then the management will come up with a barbecue and candelight dancing. Coats and ties for dinner, men, and Saturday night one is *encouraged*, but not forced, to dress. Sport clothes will do for the rest of the day, but ladies' shorts should be no shorter than pedal pushers.

There is dancing every night but Sunday and there is no telling when Fred might turn up for an impromptu show with all the Pennsylvanians. Bob Hope, Sterling Holloway, and Harold Lloyd have all done a hitherto unannounced turn on the floor. Upstairs there is a lubritorium called the Totem Pole, which is a bar decorated—I'm sure you've guessed—with totem poles, not to mention arrows, feathered headdresses, and just about every bit of Indian lore except old hairy scalps. The Shawnees, incidentally, were Indians of Algonquian stock who roamed through the East and Midwest taking a licking now and then from the Iroquois. They fought on the English side twice—in the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812, but Mr. Waring has gotten even with them by doing up the Totem Pole in a startling purple and yellow.

If lilliputians live in your house you can escape the little dears at Shawnee, which operates a children's nursery



Fred Waring and Pennsylvanian—shoo-fly pie and Philadelphia scrapple.

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school from ten to four daily, lunchtime included. Baby sitters are on hand for the evening hours. For the older offspring teen-age dances and wiener roasts are held every week.

Shawnee was once the Buckwood Inn, the property of the Worthington Pump Company. Waring bought it in 1944, and it is managed now by John Stubblefield, a man known to history for having first brought Lena Horne to New York's Savoy Plaza when he was manager there. Later he moved to the C. and O.'s Greenbrier, the Dorothy Drapered hotel in West Virginia. Shawnee can put up about 250 citizens at a time, and the tariff will run anywhere from $28 to $36 a day for two persons in a double room with bath, all meals included.

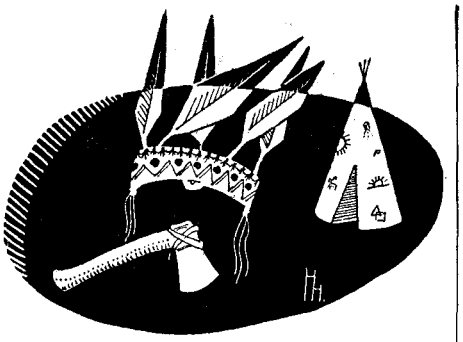
The mileage measures eighty-five from either New York or Philly. Those coming from Manhattan by rail must take the ferry to Hoboken and the Delaware Lackawanna to East Stroudsburg, five miles from the Inn. Shawnee's station wagons meet all trains. Anyone coming in from the west can set down at Allentown, forty miles away, which is serviced by TWA, United, and Colonial Airlines. Drivers can get their bearings by following the signs to Delaware Water Gap, a huge cleft in the Blue Ridge Mountains, five miles from the first tee. In case anyone needs an old candle dipper that would make a wonderful lamp, a creaky cobbler's bench that would make a fine coffee table, or an ancient door which George Washington once pounded on —that would make a perfect table top, there are those antique shops. Miles and miles of them.

—HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

IN SEARCH OF LONDON. By H. V. Morton. Dodd, Mead. $4. We have here a book about "The World's Most Fascinating City" by no less an authority than "The World's Greatest Travel Writer." Both these modest billings are on the dust jacket. And in case the point escapes anyone the back flap lists the author's other books under the blushing headline: "Journeys with the Greatest Living Travel Writer—H. V. Morton." I wonder what kind of apologies Dodd, Mead has reserved for Sydney Clark and Agnes Rothery, no slouches at the racket, who happen to be in the D-M travel stable too.

"In Search of London" is no guide book, which is why perhaps it's a very good book to read. Mr. Morton takes a number of strolls about town sometimes in such obviously touristy places as Madame Tussaud's and other times in such out-of-the-ordinary



corners as a subway tunnel late at night after the trains have stopped running. He re-creates history with a remarkable sense of narrative and imagination. There is no avoiding being gripped by the executions of Anne Boleyn, Catherine Howard, and young Lady Jane Grey. Poking about the foreign corners of London, he sniffs a British sniff at human elements that are not British; and he takes notice of such human expressions as love, an emotion about which he invariably generates a bit of cynicism. Mr. Morton catches cockney talk well, and he speaks descriptively of "a great gash of blitz damage" and of taking a motorboat and "exploding over to the opposite shore." There are a number of photographs of the usual tourist-bureau caliber.

THE SUNDAY TIMES TRAVEL AND HOLIDAY GUIDE: The British Isles. Edited by Leonard Russell and Elizabeth Nicholas. British Book Centre, New York. $2.50. This one wraps up all you'll need to know about Britain and the Irish Republic in one compact volume. It has a section of maps which are small but usable, an excellent directory of 2,000 hotels which gives you a clear idea of what to expect, a very good list of restaurants, particularly in London, and a compact but complete guide to the British Festival. Tossed in are some added fillips about famous trains and notes about the signs on British inns. The editors of London's *Sunday Times* have happily avoided the dreary guidebook style. "The traditional guidebooks . . . are all information and no personality, and the books of impressions of the British scene are all personality and no information. The volume now in your hands is meant to come betwixt and between." So states the foreword. There are lots of ads, but they are not camouflaged and they probably won't be disturbing in a book of this kind. What's more they tend to bring down the price to a very reasonable figure.

THE GOOD TIME GUIDE TO LONDON. Edited by Francis Aldor. Houghton Mifflin. $4. In many ways this book bears a marked physical similarity to Whittlesey's World in Color

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Series, of which it is distinctly not a member. A sketch appears on virtually every page, many in color, and there are big, double-page colored maps to introduce new chapters. The art is the work of at least ten artists, and the text is the product of least half a dozen writers. Whereas the color reproduction is probably not as good as in the World in Color Series, the text is infinitely more lively. It takes you in hand from the beginning and introduces you to those strange British ways, sometimes, I thought, a little patronizingly. It suggests etiquette to be used in taxicabs or cocktail parties. (You're invited for cocktails if you get a card reading soandso is "at home" from four to six. Wrote back GBS upon receiving such an invitation, "So will be Bernard Shaw"). "The Good Time Guide" describes the hotels in the front and lists them in the back, and there is a worth-while color map of the public transportation system. The traveler could do with an index, however, of which there is none. —H. S.

Ballad for a Coal-Black Tom

By I. L. Salomon

THE coal-black cat and the chipmunk sat,
a verandah's length between them;
all stillness crouched in a feline frame,
the cat was slick as the chipmunk tame,
and never O never his yellow eyes
betrayed his arrested energies,—
the steely limbs beneath his coat,
desire latched from gullet to throat,—
and he stared as if his horizon were
beyond the creature in striped fur.

The chipmunk sat with the coal-black cat,
a verandah's length between them;
her deep-brown irises transfixed
and dread and decorum intermixed,
she disputed the blood in its fiery urge
as the pulse endured the arterial scourge;
yet held her fear with assumed repose,
for never O never would she disclose
the verandah's stoven slat, where she
preempted an open sesame,
and momentwise could escape a death
with no test-word for a shibboleth.

The fabulous strength in the tiny length
of the furred chipmunk was amazing;
her small heart burned as her bloodstream churned,
her glistered eyes stirred, blazing;
her limbs recoiled as she caught a glance
of the big tom's furious iron stance
and before his muscled and tractible paws
held her broken neck in his blasphemous jaws,
she leaped, a current of lightning, from
the immobilized and terrible tom,
who barricaded the unhinged slat,
till his obstinate sleek was skeletal fat,
and he eased him through with unhurrying grace
to trouble the leaves in the hiding place.

The coal-black cat sat licking his chops,
as feline gourmets do;
with never a care he sniffed the air
and sneezed a soft *kerchoo*!,
and he sniffled a sniff and cherished the whiff
and laid him down for a snooze,
as a chipmunk choir with chipmunk ire
sang the chipmunk blues;
but the atavistic materialistic
tom with the tigery brain
gave a feline start as his feral heart
sent him off on the loose again!

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BOOK PUBLISHING: A DUBIOUS UTOPIA

(Continued from page 8)

Time, *Newsweek*, and most recently that digest of digests, *Quick*. Few successful new ventures started in the last thirty years appealing to a more limited group can be named. *The New Yorker* is a notable exception, and *The Saturday Review* itself belongs in the select circle. The highly special learned and technical journals and the "little" magazines, usually subsidized, are not without importance, but they hardly affect the large picture.

Movies, radio, and television may be too new to our civilization to be safe ground as yet for a trend spotter. All of them, however, are organized to cater essentially to the broadest possible cross section of the population. Gilbert Seldes in his recent book "The Great Audience," which examines the mass-entertainment media, argues that all of them are losing millions of their potential market by constantly addressing themselves to a low intellectual level rather than by offering a more varied fare and thus trying also to appeal to those who find the bulk of the current output unsatisfactory. Whether the managers of these enterprises are wise or not the fact remains that the bulk of what they feed into the theatres and the homes with the biggest backing at the most popular times is scarcely what most educated people would choose as attractive or useful entertainment. No doubt these broad statements will be attacked by people who will cite chapter and verse, pointing with pride to the innumerable good things that have been done in all of these fields; and they will be right if they think that some instances to the contrary invalidate the generalizations. The popularization of good music and the occasionally superb coverage of important news events by radio and television are outstanding examples on the credit side. If, however, we are examining what is happening within a culture we are interested essentially in the averages which make up a total picture.

The spread of popular entertainment and the availability of hitherto undreamed-of audiences raise some grave questions for our society not unlike those with which the thoughtful educators must deal. Should our system aim at satisfying great masses of our population with the educational level that they can readily assimilate or should it be designed to set a higher standard for a smaller number? Of course, we would like to have the best of both worlds and do one job without impairing the other. But can we?

There is an even sharper division in point of view in the communications world. To put it in slightly exaggerated form, there are those whose approach is basically to study the public-opinion polls and try as skilfully as possible to give the largest number of customers what they say they want, and there are those whose approach is to produce what informed judgment regards as desirable and hope to find a number of like-minded people to support it. There seems no reason why some should not perform one of these functions while certain hardier souls attempt the other. The question is raised, however, whether there isn't a sort of cultural Gresham's law operating—whether, if the bad doesn't drive out the good, at least the big tends to destroy the condition in which the little and the more selective can flourish.

ONE useful deviation from the general direction in which publishing has been moving is presented by the record of the university presses. Originally they were a very small factor, but their numbers and activities have been constantly growing and they are now responsible for a significant number of important works which would be impossible for commercial houses. They operate on a low overhead and normally they enjoy one or another form of subsidy. Ordinarily their books receive little promotion and provide a modest return, if any, to their authors; they cannot be said to give all that most writers are looking for. Their activity, however, points out the frequent necessity for some sort of patronage. Patronage for the writer is scarcely a new idea. Throughout history most of our art has been dependent on some form of support from the rich or from public institutions. Foundations as well as colleges provide a small amount of help of this sort for authors but not enough to do much good in the aggregate. The total public and private support in the creative fields is infinitesimal compared to the assistance available for workers in the sciences.

The fact that the popular book is pushing aside the more special book is partly due to a distribution system which does an adequate job only for a small part of the total product. The book clubs and the reprinters are today an invaluable source of circulation and revenue for the author and

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the original publisher. In their very nature they can select for the most part only those books that seem to have in them elements of popularity for the wide market. This by no means implies that they distribute only inferior titles. Only the intellectual snob thinks that nothing is good if it can be enjoyed by more than a handful. But the system is such that the book which most needs a helping hand is likely not to receive it. The serious work never designed for the millions is usually left to make its way alone. The young writers not yet established, possibly not yet doing their fully-matured work, are easily lost in the shuffle.

THE mass distributors have always argued that it isn't their responsibility to handle all books; they believe that through their aggressive methods they are reaching, often with works of the highest quality, many millions who never before had adequate access to books at all; they think that they are helping to form reading habits and that many of their customers will eventually graduate and demand a wide range of original publications as well. Unhappily, there is little evidence that this has yet taken place.

The bookstores, still the essential in the distribution system for most titles, increasingly find it difficult to sell the less conspicuous volumes. They, too, have to worry about turnover, about having on hand what their customers are most likely to want. The economics of the trade seems to be working against the old-fashioned type of large shop which stocked "everything" and in favor of the smaller unit frequently combined with phonograph records, greeting cards, and other lines, which can carry only a very small number of the 10,000 titles issued annually and the tens of thousands of others in print which someone might want. Besides, retail bookselling with rare exceptions has not been a profitable business, and consequently there is little likelihood of an increase in the number of good outlets. Even in an era of great prosperity such as the United States has been enjoying for a dozen years booksellers have shown at best trifling profits. Innumerable sizable towns do not support a single one. Particularly shocking is the fact that even in most of the communities of the country where colleges and universities are located there is no such thing as a well-rounded, inviting bookstore. It is a business axiom that the sale of a product will bear a direct relationship to the number of points of distribution it enjoys. By this measure it is easy to see why great numbers of titles, barring some quirk of fate, are doomed to come into the world stillborn.

The public libraries of the nation are of help in supporting serious publishing, for, although they may hope to provide reading matter for all tastes, they are apt to pay more attention to responsible criticism and to the recommendations of their own craft than to the best-seller lists. Unfortunately, their use of books is not by itself large enough to do much good in most cases. If one points out that about a third of our population has no access at all to library facilities it might be inferred that the other two-thirds was being adequately served. Of our libraries, however, 80 to 90 per cent have such restricted budgets that it is impossible for them to acquire more than a handful of new titles annually.

One may well wonder why the United States, which has been so successful in distributing other products, has not done better with books, for this country relatively lags far behind other nations in its per capita book reading, in the number of titles it issues annually, in the adequacy of its retail outlets, and in the importance of the role that books play in the life of the community. The accessibility and the inexpensiveness of competing media are surely an important factor. But publishers and others in the trade cannot escape some of the blame for the conditions they deplore. It is generally agreed that within the industry there are many unhealthy practices. When a reader of our leading book supplements picks up his paper and finds it full of offers to ship him any number of books free if he will only clip a coupon he is hardly being encouraged to form a bookstore habit. The speed with which original editions go into reprint or find their way to the remainder market is too little controlled. Many other elements in the system, too technical to discuss here, can be criticized. The usual defense made to charges of chaotic practice is that the law of the land prohibits agreements which may be in restraint of trade. This is true, but other industries have been more successful in self-policing.

Although there may be many harmful practices within the business they are probably less a determining factor in forming the reading habits of the nation than is our educational system. Most children enjoy books, and we know that there is a great deal of reading at the school and college level. It drops off sharply when young people leave institutions of learning and go out into the world. One must assume that our teachers and our curricula are not producing adults who

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look upon the book as a source of continuing enjoyment or further education. At least the serious reading habit has not been sufficiently developed so that many of our graduates are inclined to continue as book patrons. We find ourselves in a society in which the place of the book and the writer is unimportant to most people. The contemporary enthusiasm for audio-visual instruction may accentuate the apathy for the printed page. In an article published in *Horizon* some time ago Stephen Spender commented on the isolation and loneliness of the writer in America, who usually finds himself without the sort of stimulating atmosphere frequently found abroad. The lack of an adequate literary climate influences others than the writer. It also affects criticism and even the audience itself.

Some people may question whether the decline of the place of the book is important and wonder whether some of the newer media may not serve as an adequate substitute. They argue that there are too many books published anyway, that many of them would never be missed, and that in any case the man of genius will surmount difficulties and say what he has to say regardless of circumstances. Other forms of communication may indeed have a growing role for people in the future, but it seems almost impossible to believe that anything else can do the job historically and traditionally done by the printed word in volume form.

THE book, as nearly as we can see, must remain the one basic tool, the one basic source from which all others draw. It is only within the covers of the book that one finds the fundamental thinking, whether informative or cultural, on which our teaching and our beliefs must depend. Many of the basic works which have most influenced the course of civilization have been read by only a small number of people in any generation or even over the centuries. Circulation is not a synonym of importance. On the contrary, frequently the greatest influences are felt only at second or third hand, as the original ideas, thoroughly understood by only a few, get transmitted through many minds. Besides, our concept of a developing society depends on diversity, on the opportunity to explore and experiment and differ. The book has been the one medium in which serious and creative work could be presented, even though it interested only a handful.

If fewer titles are published as the years go on it is unlikely that only those of poorer quality will get dropped. Short of a literary dictatorship, it is inevitable that many of the things most likely to be squeezed out will be the works of quality with limited or special appeal. We do not even know that great talent will necessarily overcome adverse conditions. We only know that in the past there have been some towering figures who have done so. Even if the genius does find a way to produce, it is improbable that we can get the richest product of writers unless we have an environment in which substantial numbers of creative people, with a community of interest, work in a medium in which a representative audience is vitally interested. If we want something like that in the world of books in America we must do something about it—and we must do it soon.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DIPLOMATIC CORPSE *Phoebe Atwood Taylor* (Little, Brown: $2.50)	Asey Mayo blunders around Cape Cod historical pageant and stones in old graveyard through maze of bearded "characters" to stumble on old Muriel Babcock's murderer.	More quaintness than ever was on sea or land and just about all legitimate Cape residents should be required to take.	Confusion —not suspense
REASONABLE DOUBT *John Stephen Strange* (Crime Club: $2.50)	The jury acquitted Manhattan artist Ruth Purdy of her husband's murder—on reasonable doubt. But unreasonable doubt took charge of new lawyer-husband George on Vermont honeymoon.	Interplay of logical event and believable persona builds to thorough suspense—one is made skilfully to care about it.	Applause for know-how job

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MOUNT VERNON IN VIRGINIA. *An Affiliated Film Production for the Mount Vernon Ladies Association. Distributed for purchase only by McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 330 West 42nd Street, New York 18, N. Y. For rental consult nearby* SRL *Film Referral Libraries. (22 min.)* On Christmas Eve in 1783 George Washington returned to Mount Vernon to resume the life he loved as a farmer, country gentleman, and private citizen of the new nation he had fathered. What he found in this peaceful home we are now able to see in this lovely film as it has been carefully restored and preserved by the Mount Vernon Ladies Association. The film is much more than an historical tour through the handsome house and gardens; it is a valuable account of the man and what he stood for and believed in—an indication of the "living beauty, order, and dignity that George Washington built into the structure of our free republic."

Willard Van Dyke's direction is gracious and appealing; photography by Richard Leacock is penetratingly still and keen; and Alex North's musical score is pleasant and right. The thoughtful script by Howard Turner is informative, but the commentary seems unnecessarily circuitous and crowded. "Mount Vernon" was produced by Irving Jacoby.

LINCOLN SPEAKS AT GETTYSBURG. *Written, produced, and directed by Paul Falkenberg and Lewis Jacobs; music by Gene Forrell. Distributed for purchase and rental by A. F. Films, 1600 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. (10 min.)* Somewhat in the style of the French film "1848," this film finds its pictorial content in the engravings and drawings of the 1860's, and through editing and camera movement it revives an exalted episode of the American past. At Gettysburg, where the Union won its first great victory against the Confederacy at the cost of many lives, a National Soldier's cemetery was dedicated in 1863 by the nation's leading orator, Edward Everett; as an afterthought the President was invited to say a few words. Those of us who can recite those words now will find that their significance to the original speaker and audience is made clearer by this film. An excellent selection of portraits and caricatures of Lincoln, some majestic and some grotesque, shows how differently this great American leader was seen by the men he lived among. The film will be of special value for classroom purposes.

JEFFERSON THE ARCHITECT. *Produced and distributed by the International Film Bureau, 6 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 6, Ill. (10 min.)* In comparison with the Washington and Lincoln films this one is slight indeed. Touring Monticello, the University of Virginia, and the Virginia State Capitol, the film hastily points to one after another of their outstanding features which made for Jefferson his reputation as one of America's greatest architects. The inclusion of his unique and amusing smaller achievements, such as a two-way clock, collapsible ladder, swivel chair, revolving table, and sky-lighted dining room, provides liveliness and entertainment to a somewhat disconnected reel.

MIRACLE ON THE MESA and PUEBLO HERITAGE. *Produced by Alan Shillin Productions for the P. Lorillard Company. Available for free loan from Alan Shillin Productions, 450 West 56th St., New York 19, N. Y. (each 20 min., color)* These two films do much to increase the prestige of the sponsored film in this country. Handsomely photographed in kodachrome, both are informative and absorbing to watch. But most outstanding is their earnest appreciation of the people they show—the Hopi and Pueblo Indians of the Southwest. "Miracle on the Mesa" does an especially commendable job of presenting the Hopis as the dignified and independent people they are rather than as we might think they should be in terms of our own way of life. "Pueblo Heritage" is a more routine survey of customs and crafts, with a final sequence of dances at the annual shindig in Gallup, New Mexico.

The sponsors should be proud to make these films available to the public, and we can thank them for using restraint and good taste in the advertising content. An earlier film in this series of films about the American Indians, "Seminoles of the Everglades," is also available from the same source.

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—CECILE STARR.

For a copy of the list of SRL Film Referral Libraries please write to Film Department, Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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PERSONALS

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

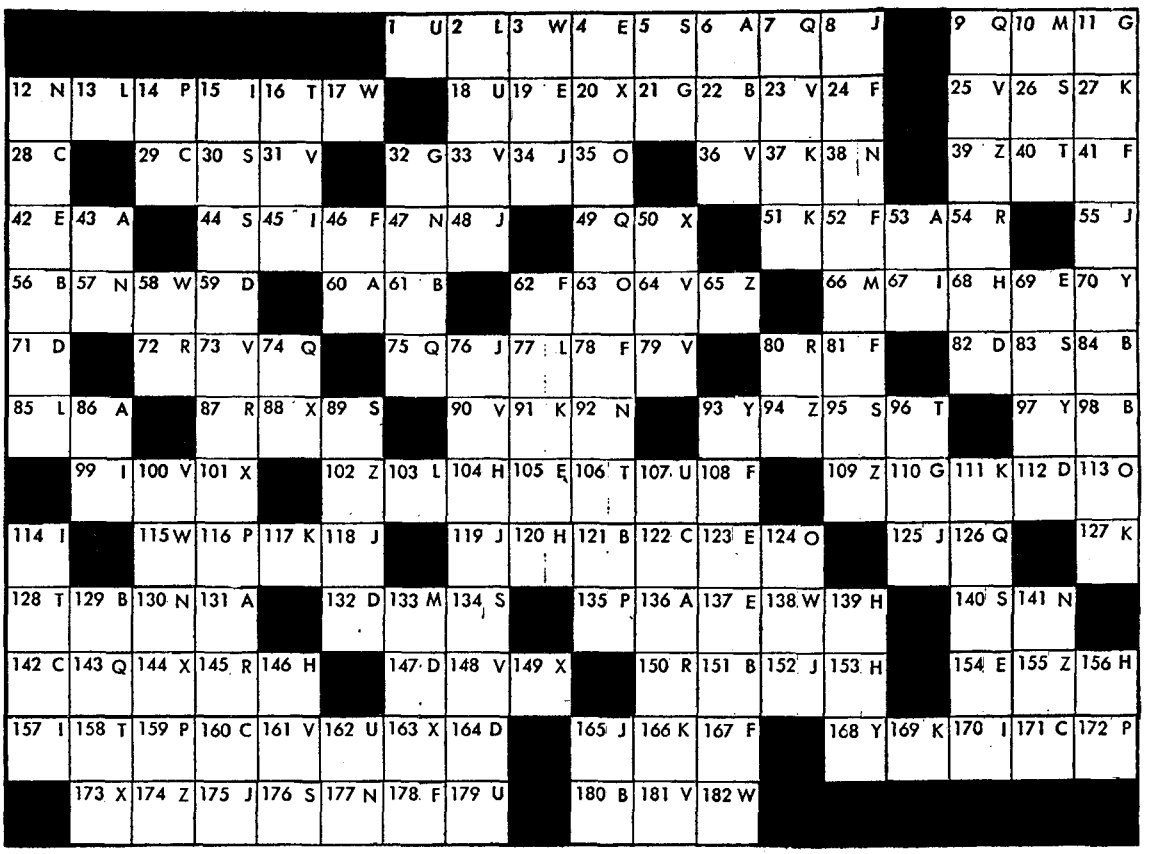
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Lake in Italy believed entrance to underworld by ancient Romans.	60 53 131 136 43 6 86
B. A male person of violence or evil-doing (3 wds.).	121 151 84 56 98 22 129 61 180
C. Modern transliteration of Hebrew word in the Bible, Jehovah.	160 122 29 142 171 28
D. First word of doxology at close of prayers in Jewish ritual, meaning "holy."	82 132 71 59 112 164 147
E. Prohibited by judicial decree (law).	42 4 154 69 123 19 105 137
F. Sinister; clumsy (comp.).	62 41 81 78 178 52 108 24 46 167
G. Surname, English essayist and sister whose letters were edited by E. V. Lucas.	11 21 110 32
H. Cheeselike substance, a food in the Levant.	68 120 104 146 156 139 153
I. New England orator, statesman, etc.; first American to receive a Ph.D. from Göttingen.	114 170 45 157 67 99 15
J. Jehovah as supreme (Bib.; 3 wds.).	8 125 76 119 175 55 165 34 152 118 48
K. Aramaic word addressed to the deaf mute by Jesus (Bib.; "be opened").	169 127 91 111 37 117 27 51 166
L. One of the seven deadly sins.	77 103 85 13 2
M. The head (slang).	133 10 66

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. U. S. National Monument in Georgia, featuring Indian mounds.	141 130 47 57 12 177 38 92
O. Coarse, overgrown; official rating.	113 63 124 35
P. An earthy, often impure, ore of iron used as pigment.	135 14 116 159 172
Q. Polecat of Europe; its fur.	126 7 49 9 143 74 75
R. Scarce limicoline bird, long-legged, web-footed, slender bill curved upward; in South and West.	87 150 80 145 54 72
S. Subtle or abstract distinctions.	5 176 83 89 134 26 140 95 30 44
T. Not divisible by two without a remainder.	40 158 128 106 16 96
U. Ultramodern Swiss painter and sculptor (1888-).	107 1 179 18 162
V. National symbol of the Saxons (3 wds.).	36 79 23 25 73 161 90 181 100 33 31 64 148
W. Burning, intense.	3 182 17 138 58 115
X. Denmark-born queen of Philip II of France, 1193, whom he repudiated at once.	144 88 20 101 173 50 149 163
Y. A Weird Sister in "Macbeth" (Teut. myth.).	168 97 93 70
Z. Great circle on the earth whose latitude is zero.	109 39 94 102 65 155 174

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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HERE IS A PARTIAL LIST OF THE CONTENTS IN THE CURRENT ISSUE

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The Growing Popularity of Fine Music on FM
This article tells about FM Concert Stations which provide programs planned for people who want the best in music.

A Review of Preamplifier Designs
Alan Macy reviews the purpose, design, and performance of all the various standard makes of preamplifiers. From it, you can decide which particular model is best suited to your needs, or which might be better than what you are using now.

A Library Record Loan Department
Here is a complete description of how a public library handles an active record loan department, a subject of interest not only to librarians, but also to individuals with large collections to catalog.

How to Select Records for Children
Children's records can be constructive and instructive, as well as entertaining. The well-known authority on children's music, Beatrice Landeck, tells how to choose records, and recommends specific selections from current releases.

The FAS Audio System
There is no doubt but what the Fowler-Allison-Sleeper audio system has done more to improve bass response, has inspired more people to build new audio installations, and has started more controversies than anything published before. Complete data on the FAS system appears in HIGH-FIDELITY.

Phonograph Installation in Small Cabinets
This how-to-do-it article presents a novel and simple method for mounting a bulky phonograph turntable or record changer in a 10-inch shelf space.

Facts about Audio Amplifiers
Represented among the many different types of amplifiers are certain features of basic importance, others that are important only in specific kinds of installations, and a few that are merely point-of-sale features. Robert E. Newcomb brings out these points, good and bad, in his discussion of amplifier designs.

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SRL / RECORDINGS SECTION

HIGHLIGHTS

Page

SZIGETI: VIOLINIST ON PARNASSUS
By Roland Gelatt 47

ERROLL, SHARKEY, AND BUNK
By Wilder Hobson 51

RENAISSANCE IN ITALY
By Cecil Smith 53

RECORDINGS IN REVIEW
By Irving Kolodin 56

VERDI, EARLY AND LATE
By Herbert Weinstock 59

LIVENESS IN THE LISTENING
By Edward Tatnall Canby 64

Szigeti: Violinist on Parnassus

ROLAND GELATT

NOTE THE first name that appears on the program. It is Joseph, not Joska. Contrary to the practice of some celebrated rivals, this violinist forswears public use of his pet name. I do not mean by this to asperse Mischa, Jascha, or Toscha. These are names of an undeniably exotic aroma; but for all their special aura they pertain—as Virgil Thomson so felicitously points out—to childhood, being no more than Russian nicknames comparable to our Billy, Eddie, or Pete. Virtuosos partial to these youthful rubrics have generally made their own way from an early age. Hardly do they dispense with swaddling clothes before their names are common coin in concert halls from Moscow to Madrid. Eventually, the trousers grow longer but not the nomenclature. When the curly-haired newcomer turns into a balding veteran his baby name persists. It is a propensity unique to violinists, exemplifying well that intellectual never-never land to which practitioners of the instrument seem often to owe unswerving allegiance.

Joseph Szigeti, who has just rounded out a quarter century before the American public, first came to public notice as a prodigy. His family called him Joska and so he was billed. His first phonograph records, released in 1909, bear that name. Yet by the time this player had departed his teens Joska was renounced in favor of Joseph. Along with the baby name went the salon sentimentality, the gaudy flourishes, the meretricious concertos, the brainless crudities that are the average prodigy's stock-in-trade. In their place came a sense of style refined by reading and sensitive observation, an avoidance of facile short cuts to vulgar esteem, an inquiring mind that would interest itself in unaccompanied Bach and accompanied Prokofieff. During his career Szigeti has come full circle. Perhaps that is why he holds to the cause of pure music with such tenacity. The most devout are those who have been converted from infidelity.

He was born in Budapest, September 5, 1892, of a family no stranger to the violin. His father earned a living as first violinist in a Budapest cafe orchestra. An uncle, pupil of Hubay and the family's pride, had secured a berth in the violin section of the Edouard Colonne Orchestra (Paris).

Another fiddling uncle gave Szigeti his first lessons. This initiation took place in Maramaros-Sziget, a village near the Hungarian-Rumanian border, to which the infant Joska had been sent upon his mother's death. We must assume that the boy showed remarkable aptitude; by the time Joska was eight he was fetched by his father to Budapest, there to receive more professional instruction. After several months in a second-rate academy he auditioned for Jenö Hubay and was admitted to the teacher's class.

Few are the truly original musicians who profess to have learned other than the mechanics of their art from teachers. Landowska and Professor Michailowski, Cortot and Professor Diémer, Lotte Lehmann and Frau Etelka Gerster provide random examples where the pupil acknowledges small debt to the master. Joseph Szigeti belongs to this company of individualists ("ingrates" the teachers might call them). From Hubay he learned the trade of fiddler, nothing more. So bereft of substance was his musical schooling in Budapest that Szigeti retains today hardly any memories of it. The grooming toward virtuosity for virtuosity's sake created a mental vacuum.

In 1905, aged thirteen, Joska Szigeti was judged proficient enough for an "official" debut in Berlin. A list of the music with which he was then familiar bears detailing. Concertos by Wieniawski, Ernst, Mendelssohn, and Viotti

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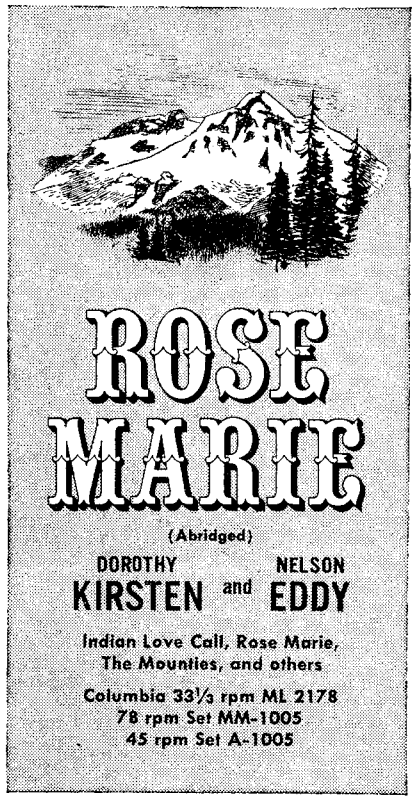
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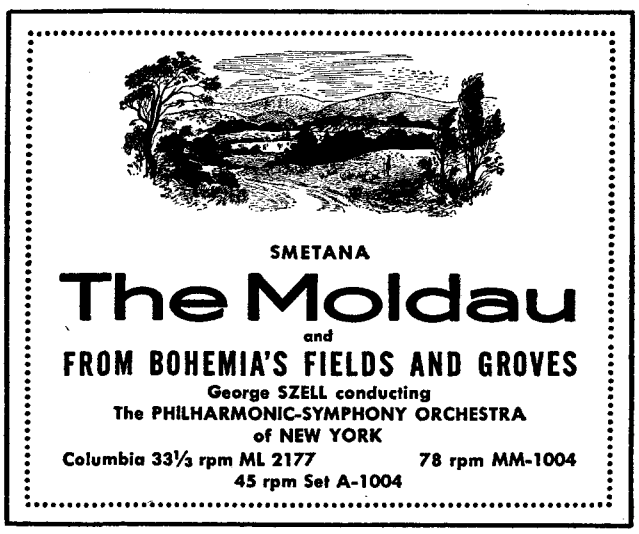

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(COMPLETE)
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Marthe Angelici . . . . . Micaela
Raoul Jobin . . . . . Don José
Michel Dens . . . . . Escamillo
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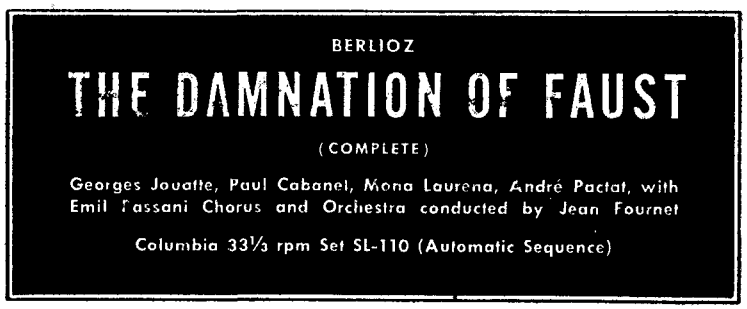
BERLIOZ
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(COMPLETE)
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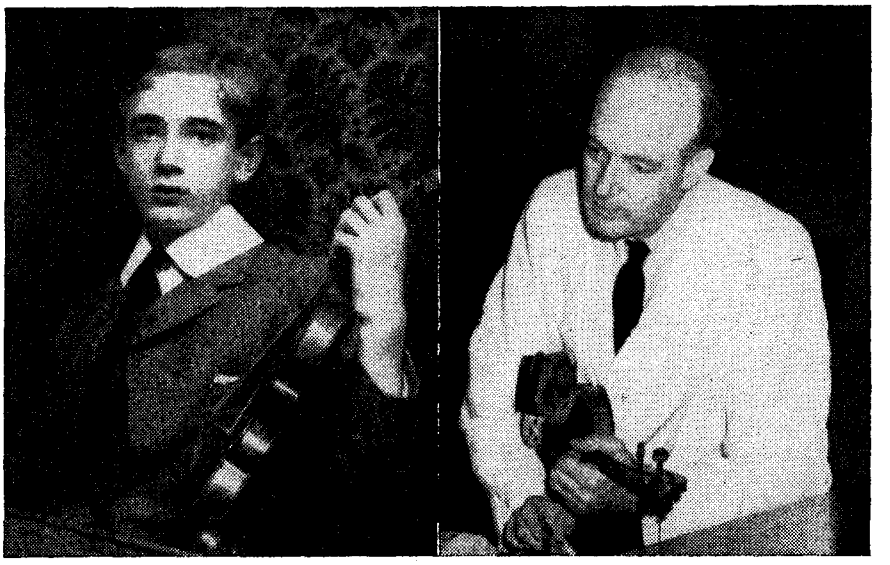
formed the bulwark of his repertoire. An obeisance to the classics was made with two compositions by Bach: the "Chaconne" and the Prelude from the E major Partita, both chosen for their technical hurdles, their opportunities for display. Tartini's "Devil's Trill" Sonata, Paganini's "Witches' Dance," and assorted encore pieces served further to demonstrate agility. Never had young Szigeti so much as opened the pages of a sonata by Beethoven or Mozart; never had he encountered a Bach concerto. With the Beethoven Concerto he had only a nodding acquaintance.

The Berlin debut generated sufficient commendation to encourage Szigeti's father to break contact with Budapest. Boy violinists had caught public fancy. Fourteen-year-old Mischa Elman was just then reaping the first harvest of a phenomenal box-office success. What was meet for Mischa was meet for Joska. Reasoning thus, the elder Szigeti abandoned his job and set himself the task of managing his son's climb to renown. But events never transpired quite as he had hoped. Perhaps the prodigy market had been cornered by Mischa Elman. Perhaps the diffident Joska cut too pale a figure on the concert platform. Whatever the reason, young Szigeti did not captivate Europe in the Elman manner. His métier lay in directions other than precocious virtuosity. As a prodigy Szigeti was an "also ran," his success being sufficient to pay the bills but not to earn a fortune.

After a season in Berlin father and son settled in London to try their luck in what was then the world's wealthiest country. The phonograph records that Szigeti made for HMV shortly after this move — Hubay's "Zephyr," Rubinstein's "Romanze," an abridged version of the variations from Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata —show by their very titles why London critics were not gammoned by this latest prodigy from the Continent. These were years of indolence and torpor. "My natural laziness," Szigeti confesses, "kept from me all disturbing thoughts of self-development, of self-criticism." Nobody wagged an admonishing finger at this disinclination to mature. As a boy violinist he was salable without too great effort, but who could predict his prospects once he slipped into prosaic adulthood?

Faced with the disparity between these dim beginnings and the man today one is tempted to look for the "electrifying influence," the "cataclysmic event" that suddenly shunted the direction of Szigeti's life toward a more purposeful goal. But the course of human events does not proceed in so angular and clear-cut a fashion.



Joska (1906) and Joseph (1951)—"a spineless virtuoso into an eclectic musician."

Quite obviously a few weeks with Ferruccio Busoni did not metamorphose Szigeti from a spineless virtuoso into an eclectic musician. Other congruent experiences—Ysaye and Pugno playing the César Franck Sonata, Kreisler playing two Mozart concertos—had effect. Nevertheless, his association with the great pianist caused a fundamental shift in Szigeti's relationship to music. Before Busoni music had been a livelihood; afterward it became a fulfillment.

The two met quite by chance. It was the custom then for reigning divas to bolster their programs with some violin and piano music. In 1909 Szigeti had been hired as an "assisting artist" to tour through England with Nellie Melba. For a few weeks Busoni joined the retinue. Standing in the wings while the famous pianist played Bach, the young violinist grew aware of an absorption and an intellectual command hitherto unsuspected. Under the influence of Busoni, the man and the musician, Szigeti emerged from his chrysalis. The change did not occur overnight. Szigeti was not, like Brünnhilde, instantly awakened from past torpor. But awakened he assuredly was. For years he had slumbered in a miasma of superficial virtuosity. Then, thanks to the influence of a Busoni and to the inherent fiber of Szigeti's own temperament, he came to life, fought his way into the clear, breathed for the first time the bracing air of Parnassus.

Just as he reached the threshold of real success, critics now taking notice of him as a musician and not as "another Hungarian prodigy," a double catastrophe intervened. Europe fell prey to World War I and Joseph Szigeti to tuberculosis of the lung.

Three years in Davos, scene of Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain," restored the violinist to health. He had the curious fortune to come under the care of a lung specialist passionately attached to music. To pay for room, board, and medical treatment Szigeti had only to play duets regularly with his doctor! With a fresh batch of scores arriving every other week from a circulating music library in Zurich, the duo managed to secure a solid lien on a large chunk of musical literature.

AT the time Szigeti must have felt that fate had treated him ill; his last prewar tour, from Portugal to Finland, presaged that prosperity and acclaim so diligently pursued by Joska and his ambitious father. With the advantage of hindsight, however, one perceives that these years of enforced retirement played a decisive part in shaping the musician we know today. They effected a clean break with his prodigy past, afforded him the opportunity to explore music at leisure, released him from the circumscribed routine of a touring virtuoso. When he descended from his Swiss mountain retreat in 1917 Szigeti (now Joseph) went to the Conservatoire de Genève as head of violin master classes—a startling change in role from before the war. Lacking in musical stimulus these classes may have been, for talented students strayed only occasionally to Geneva, but they provided a steady source of income in Europe's most valued currency. With the bread and butter of existence thus assured, Szigeti for the first time in his life could give concerts to make music rather than to make money. His career of subsequent music-making all over the world requires no further chronicling.

Szigeti's activity in the recording studio comes close to antedating that of any musician alive today. His 1909 waxings still turn up occasionally in

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second-hand shops—much to Szigeti's chagrin, although he admits to an "uncanny pleasure" when a phonograph repeats to him something he had played long ago. With the introduction of electrical recording in 1926 Szigeti began building a recorded repertoire unequaled in quality if not in quantity by any other violinist. Long before he had "arrived" in this country as a big-time musical celebrity record collectors were boosting the sales of his many notable albums. During the first years of electrical recording Szigeti was often in the studio. In deference to the commercial reasoning of English Columbia he committed to wax such untypical encore pieces as Kreisler's "Tambourin Chinois" and Hubay's "Zephyr," but to atone for these he insisted on recording also Milhaud's "Le Printemps" and the "Nigun" from Bloch's "Baal Shem." In the late Twenties and early Thirties came the albums that spread his reputation throughout the world: the Brahms Concerto (with Sir Hamilton Harty), the Beethoven Concerto (with Bruno Walter), the Mozart D major, Mendelssohn, and Prokofieff concertos (all three with Sir Thomas Beecham), and two unaccompanied sonatas of Bach. Sated today with a luxuriance of great recordings, we tend to forget how precious were these early examples of Szigeti's art.

"From my earliest manhood," the violinist once told me, "I have tried to avoid being objectionably national." The "Hungarian influence" that some commentators profess to discern in his playing is none other than a keen appreciation of the folk element (from whatever soil) that is to be found in all music. An ability to perceive the rustic ingredients in supposedly abstract and sophisticated writing would seem to be a requisite of first-class musicianship. In this respect Szigeti is the peer of a Casals or a Landowska. He descries peasant dances in the most unlikely places—the last movement of Mozart's G major Concerto, the Allegro assai from Bach's unaccompanied Sonata in C, and sections of Igor Stravinsky's "Duo Concertant." Such hearty rhythmic propulsion is one of Szigeti's most creditable assets. When the score demands he can make music bounce as no other violinist.

Another consequential asset is his individual intonation. As with many accomplished singers (Victoria de los Angeles, for example) he shades the pitch ever so slightly. In accord with the harmonic "pull" of a melody Szigeti manages to hover a little above or below dead center. Never (well, hardly ever) out of tune, he yet manages to shade his intonation so as to imbue it with a bright, zestful quality that is his alone.

On Szigeti's tone—so much more satisfactory to my ears than the rich, honeyed sound cultivated by many violinists—opinion divides. Absence of excessive vibrato is its great virtue. Someone once compared vibrato to the standard gravy administered in cheap restaurants indiscriminately to chicken, pork, and beef; Peter Yates has likened the tone of a vibrato-ridden violinist to "an interchangeable slip-cover patterned with large sleazy flowers which he slips over the original texture of any composition." Vibrato is an anodyne. It takes the guts out of music, puts all violin literature on the level of the "Meditation" from "Thais." Szigeti's tone substitutes variety for unremitting vibrato. He can play sweetly when the occasion demands (in the opening pages, for instance, of Prokofieff's Concerto in D), but he can also play brusquely and huskily. He has learned that, for music to go beyond mere sensation, sonority must count for more than an end in itself.

Beyond tone there is Szigeti's mastery of musical rhetoric. You will not catch him arguing to redundancy the point of a musical work. He keeps a safe distance from the *éternelle effervescence* that Lucien Capet termed the bane of modern violin playing. Szigeti has the instinct of an accomplished actor, understands when to throw away a line, appreciates the power of understatement.

I HAVE limned the excesses that Szigeti avoids and in so doing run the danger of implying that what remains is dry and innocuous—careful musicianship with all passion and personality squeezed out. It is exactly here that Szigeti's genius shines, for patrician taste in his instance does not exclude the presence of emotion. "The striving to be effective easily leads into the error of exaggeration. But it by no means follows, as some persons seem to imply, that because exaggeration is a fault, tameness is a merit. Exaggeration is a fault because it is an untruth; but in art it as easy to be untrue by falling below as by rising above." The words of G. H. Lewes, aimed at acting, hold just as true for musical interpretation. From avoidance of excess Szigeti does not fly to insipid whiteness. Free of vulgar hyperbole he yet stamps every phrase with the impress of his own highly charged temperament.

How fortunate that Szigeti was not endowed with a transcendent technique! Had his exploits on the instrument aroused all auditors, had he been idolized from the start, he might still be Joska Szigeti, barricaded from introspection by the wall of his own brilliant success. But Szigeti's technical equipment has never been peerless. More than adequate to satisfy musical demands, it does not overwhelm audiences. Nature, having given him hands larger than ideal and a bow arm inclined to awkwardness, did not fit him for the role of violin prestidigitator. (A wag once quipped that Szigeti plays as if he practised in a telephone booth.) Because other violinists could toss off Wieniawski with greater éclat Szigeti was obliged to search elsewhere for musical fulfillment. We are all the gainers from the less than spectacular technique that denied him early fortune.

But too much can (and has) been made of Szigeti's technical failings. Granting that his playing often sounds "scratchy" where another's will sound "smooth," do not hurry to the mistaken conclusion that Szigeti is unable to duplicate the suavity of his colleagues. He, too, could bathe his listeners in silken reverie were it not that an exquisitely tailored style of playing all too often negates the composer's intent. "There is always," Szigeti contends, "a musical solution and an expedient solution." Steadfastly he chooses the musical solution and does not boggle at the technical pitfalls that lie in the way. One example must serve for a multitude. In the last movement of Beethoven's Opus 96 Sonata can be found a passage whose rhythmic pattern, Szigeti feels, demands the employment of open strings. To play it thus, which is "the musical solution," poses knotty problems of bowing and fingering. The left hand must make long skips while the bow jumps from string to string at a rapid pace. A much less taxing approach to this passage is possible, "the expedient solution," one in which fingers move in easy stages with the bow hugging the strings. So performed, however, Beethoven's brusque thought becomes sicklied and pale. Szigeti prefers to take his chances with the open strings, no matter what technical problems must be overcome. "Better," he insists, "to fail gloriously than to conquer expediently. It is a question of ethics, of morality."

On Bernard Shaw's authority we are told that Eduard Reményi refused to "sacrifice all other interests and activities to the cultivation of his violin-playing machinery." In this respect Szigeti emulates his famous Hungarian predecessor. The dazzling machinery he leaves to others. Szigeti illuminates music with knowledge and style, being careful not to scorch it with the flame of rampant virtuosity.

Roland Gelatt's article will appear in his book on musical performers to be published in 1952 by Alfred A. Knopf.

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Erroll, Sharkey, and Bunk

WILDER HOBSON

ARNOLD SCHOENBERG is a composer who will never win the Nobel Prize for Humility, but that is a failing frequent among men of great talent, and in the new collection of his essays, "Style and Idea," there are many solid things solidly, indeed sometimes ponderously, said. For instance: "Though originality is inseparable from personality, there exists also a kind of originality which does not derive from profound personality. Products of such artists are often distinguished by a unique appearance which resembles true originality . . . mannerism is originality in subordinate matters . . . the tendency to arouse interest by technical pecularities, which are simply added to the nothingness of an idea, is now more frequent than it was in former times."

All this is by way of claiming a heavy, Schoenbergian sponsorship for a few personal comments on the work of the pianist Erroll Garner. He is a self-taught ear-pianist of great ease with the keyboard and wide popularity. An album, "Erroll Garner Gems," has just been issued (Columbia LP 6173, $3.) which, according to the blurb, exemplifies "Garner's daring in re-cutting his past hits. This is a task from which many an artist would shrink lest they receive unfavorable comparison with their former work. . . . All of us — engineers included — cheered and applauded Erroll when he finally took a break." Garner is a fetching-looking pianist, to judge by the cover portrait, and there are many moments in his playing when he shows himself an adept at what might be called the ornamental cafe style. But I find it difficult to listen to him for any length of time because of a mannerism which, I suppose, Garner's admirers must feel is of valuable originality. Having arrived at a fitting chord, or a little phrase, in the treble, Garner is often not satisfied to sound it and proceed elsewhere, but must slap it out several times in a kind of right hand stuttering, as who should say: "Let-let-let me t-t-t-ell you about my op- op-op-op-erat-ion-ion-ion." To my ears this has a twofold disadvantage: it is not only a musically boring, additive trick, but, as Garner does it, it breaks up the rhythmic momentum with a jazz rubato as displeasing to me as many of the classical varieties.

In last month's remarks about Louis Armstrong I credited Johnny St. Cyr with some masterly guitar playing which, I have since realized, presumably came from Lonnie Johnson. Both boys, incidentally, would escape Schoenberg's censure. And while in the mood of contrition let me acknowledge another long-standing error of the department: failure to mention Leonard Feather's excellent guide to a moot subject, a booklet called "Inside Be-bop." Mr. Feather finds a great deal more pleasure in this dialect of jazz than I have ever been able to locate, but his booklet, published by J. J. Robbins & Sons, is a clear, intelligent, and admirably illustrated account of "cool" music.

DORIS DAY'S cinema career has provided her with an extraordinary number of popular classics to sing in a short space of time. She is now featured in a Warner Bros. effort called "Lullaby of Broadway" in which her repertoire includes the title song, "Fine and Dandy," "Somebody Loves Me," "Just One of Those Things," and "Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone." The last-named work is, of course, the one containing the monumental suggestion: "If you can't say anything real nice, it's better not to talk at all is my advice." Miss Day's new album of these revivals (Columbia LP 6168, $3.) has many of the faults of her earlier "Tea for Two" collection—everything is overloaded with Hollywood production effects (never leave an honest value alone)—but we are made to realize that Miss Day can sing a vigorous ditty like "Just One of Those Things" with considerable aplomb and style. When she gets into the slower, more sentimental vein a rash of coyness customarily breaks out all over her voice.

From Walt Disney's "Alice in Wonderland" I have heard two songs, written by Hilliard and Fain. The title number is a delicate, summery piece, very much in the mood of Lewis Carroll. My version is sung by Roberta Quinlan (Mercury 5616, 89¢). And "I'm Late," rendered by Alan Dale (Columbia 39302, 89¢), is a tasteful, musicianly evocation of the rabbit's tardiness.

Mr. Joseph Bonano of New Orleans is better known to the world as Sharkey Bananas, but the seeming inanity of his nickname should not put anyone off his music-making. About fifteen years ago, so long ago that the famous Nick's café in Greenwich Village was across the street from its present location, Sharkey played his trumpet with a hot band in the original Nick's. The band was small enough to be received entire and could still be plainly heard. I am afraid that I have sometimes offended Sharkey by accepting George Brunies's invitation to play the trombone, and I hasten now to make amends by saying that a new album called "Sharkey's Southern Comfort" (Capitol CCN 266, $3.19) offers a heady taste of the master. He has long since returned to his home town, and this is fitting enough, for the little man still plays the trumpet in the fiery, songful New Orleans manner. His highly appropriate collaborators include the clarinetist Lester Bouchon and the trombonists Santo Pecora and Charles Miller. The album includes one of the richest "Basin Street Blues" I can remember on wax and spirited treatments of "Temptation Rag," "That Da-Da Strain," "She's Crying for Me," "Weary Blues," and "Eccentric."

The California hot factory known as Good Time Jazz has issued eight new sides of varying merit. Four are by Turk Murphy's brash and sturdy Dixieland outfit: "By and By," "St. James Infirmary," and "Ory's Creole Trombone" are all solid, workable versions of those classics, but the best of the four seems to me to be a lazy "Storyville Blues" (Nos. 31 and 32, 89¢ apiece). The band called the Firehouse Five Plus Two offers some characteristic circus syncopation: "Sweet Georgia Brown" and "Lonesome Mama Blues" (No. 33, 89¢). These are a good deal of fun, like spiked root beer. And, finally, there is a disc made in 1944 by the late Bunk Johnson, with the Yerba Buena Jazz Band: "2.19 Blues" and "Ace in the Hole" (No. 34, 89¢). This is heralded as something of a find, and I will subscribe to the opinion. The pulsing old man had just emerged from his years of oblivion and had been provided with a trumpet and a new set of teeth. He is heard in the vigor of his age and, playing with him, the Yerba Buena boys sound positively colored.

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Gabrieli to Vivaldi

WE SEEM to be in the midst of a Gabrieli renaissance. Not long ago the American Institute of Musicology announced the forthcoming publication (under the editorship of Heinrich Besseler) of Giovanni Gabrieli's *opera omnia*. And there has been a considerable revival of Gabrieli in performance, especially in that old form of instrumental grouping, the brass ensemble, which was a favorite of both Andrea and Giovanni Gabrieli.

The brass ensemble is the very essence of Renaissance Venice, and its resurrection is one of the most interesting phenomena of American musical life. In New York City three brass ensembles are now active, directed respectively by Gunther Schuller, David Shuman, and Samuel Baron. This latter group can be heard in an excellent LP record devoted to seven Canzonas of Giovanni Gabrieli (Esoteric LP 503, $6.50). Special mention should be made of the "Canzona per sonar a quattro, No. 2" and the "Sonata Pian e Forte," both monumental achievements.

The Shuman Brass Choir is featured on another LP (Period LP 526, $5.95), which includes as well compositions by Andrea Gabrieli, thus enabling one to perceive the continuity linking Andrea, the originator, to Giovanni, the fulfiller. Of the two I prefer the Esoteric offering, as the second part of the Period disc is given over to the pedestrian exercises of one Johann Pezel, a Bohemian unfrocked monk, said to be the most celebrated of the *Stadtpfeifer* of seventeenth-century Germany.

One would like the record companies to delve more frequently into the comparatively unexploited mine of Corelli's concerti grossi. Pending this, it is good to have selections from the famous "Opera Quinta" (Variations on "La Follia" and three sonatas) in the truly admirable renditions by Robert Brink, violin, and Daniel Pinkham, harpsichord (Allegro LP 109, $5.45). In Brink's penetrating legato, which concentrates on the melodic essence of Corelli's "sweetness long drawn-out," we are given the Raphaelesque Corelli. But there exists another Corelli, that of the concerti grossi, who in blend of sweetness with vigor has his pictorial counterpart not in Raphael but in Correggio. Robert Brink performs on a violin made in 1734 by Camillo de Camilli, of Mantua, and Daniel Pinkham on a harpsichord built in 1945 by that wizard among the *maestri di cembali*, John Challis, of Detroit. The balance between the two players is all that could be desired and the recording is flawless.

An essay similar to that written by Friedrich Blume on the vicissitudes of Bach's renown (and on the "reconquest" for the modern age of his musical genius) could well be written about Antonio Vivaldi. In the Vivaldi reconquest record companies have taken a leading part. Two recent LP discs exclusively devoted to Vivaldi are proof of a vogue which is in full swing. Let us hope this vogue is the initial tide of an even wider popularity. The publication of Vivaldi's works (450 manuscript scores) is now in progress under the editorship of Malipiero. Its completion ought to disclose the full magnitude of Vivaldi as a composer who can rank on a par with Bach.

On an Allegro disc Phillip Kaplan, flute, Erwin Bodky, harpsichord, Samuel Mayes, cello, and the Boston String Orchestra under Attilio Poto collaborate on the "Bullfinch" Concerto and several sonatas (Allegro LP 3009, $5.95). For the Cetra-Soria label the Virtuosi di Roma under Renato Fasano perform four concertos (Cetra-Soria LP 50045, $5.95). Taken in conjunction the two records enable us to grasp the main contours of Vivaldi's art. They disclose many Vivaldian prophecies of instrumental and formal devices of the great Johann Sebastian Bach. One can hear the precisely tailored "cut" of the "Brandenburg" Concertos in the noble, solid eloquence of the first movement of the A minor Concerto for Two Violins and Strings (on Cetra-Soria), while the adagio of this same work spins out a melody as "infinite" (in the Wagnerian sense) and as gloriously saturated with the sublime as anything that Bach ever composed.

Stylistic gestures and intimations of Mozart grace the D major Concerto for Viola d'Amore, Strings, and Cembalo (also on Cetra-Soria). Vivaldi draws so incredibly close to Mozartian effects that he seems to imitate, instead of to foreshadow, the Salzburg master in the dialogue between viola d'amore and cembalo. On this same record is the Concerto in A for Strings and Cembalo, which offers Handelian grandeur and opera buffa traits in the Pergolesi manner dominated victoriously by a theme that must have run in Beethoven's head while composing his C major "Bagatelle."

—ELIO GIANTURCO.

"I'm all through, maestro. May I go home?"

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Renaissance in Italy

CECIL SMITH

MILAN (BY CABLE).

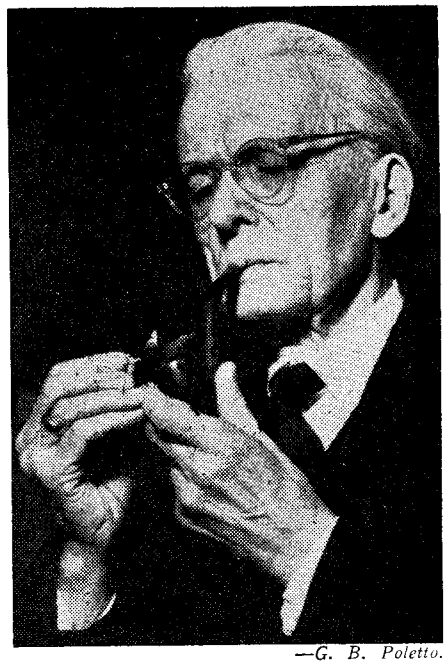
IN ITALY this spring new operas and revivals of unusual old ones are occupying the major opera houses, to the almost total exclusion of works in the standard repertory. At La Scala in Milan I have just seen the first stage production of Mario Peragallo's "La Collina," a one-act "scenic madrigal" based—of all things—on Edgar Lee Masters's "Spoon River Anthology." At Florence the Maggio Musicale opened with an imaginative staging of Verdi's "Macbeth," in which the Metropolitan's Astrid Varnay made a success that has induced other Italian opera houses to bid for her services. The Florence schedule also included the stage premiere of Ildebrando Pizzetti's "Ifigenia" (previously given over the Italian radio, which commissioned it) and the "first performance since the seventeenth century" of Monteverdi's pastoral ballet opera "Tirsi e Clori."

At Rome the season wound up with Rossini's little-known tragic opera, "The Siege of Corinth," a sober and impressive piece in which Renata Tebaldi sang with Muzio-like eloquence. Naples paid tribute to a favorite son by reviving Mario Persico's ten-year-old operatic setting of Goldoni's classic comedy "La Locandiera."

Of the recent Italian operas in this list, Pizzetti's "Ifigenia" was by a considerable margin the best. In retelling the events leading up to Agamemnon's intended sacrifice of his daughter, Pizzetti has sought to create a parable of modern times. At the close of the action the chorus inquires why people are always seeking to kill one another, and the curtain comes down sententiously on the multi-lingual query, "Perche? Pourquoi? Warum? Why? Quare?" Though the audience considered this a gag line almost as funny as the Gilbertian "What never? No, never," nobody could deny the warm eloquence of the closing choral peroration, which sounds like Stravinsky's "Symphony of Psalms" as an Italian would prefer to write it.

To an American, Peragallo's opera was damaged, both in the musical conception and the staging, by its failure to catch any of the local color of the Edgar Lee Masters poetry. Seven characters appear one by one to sing Italian translations of their epitaphs and recede into the shadows. The hour-long work ends with the philosophic chorus that seems to be a cliché of contemporary Italian opera composition. Persico's sub-Wolf-Ferrari setting of Goldoni is more salable, since it at least has some nice tunes.

IN presenting both new works and revivals the opera houses vie with one another in attempting to prove their interest in the integration of music with staging. Encores are forbidden everywhere except at Naples, and any enthusiasts who seek to applaud individual arias are quickly shushed by a vigilant majority of the audience. At La Scala the technical direction of Nicolas Benois, who also designs many of the settings and costumes, has set a visual standard at which even so fine a production as Rudolf Bing's "Don Carlo" scarcely more than hinted. Increasingly, singers are chosen for La Scala performances not because they have the greatest voice but because they possess the artistry to fit into the *mise en scène*.



—*G. B. Poletto.*

Ildebrando Pizzetti—"warm eloquence."

There is, therefore, a real operatic renaissance in Italy, spearheaded by La Scala, whose practices inevitably serve as the model for all the less regal opera theatres. Composers are sure of a hearing for every new opera that has any merit at all, since all the major opera houses compete with one another for the sake of the prestige that attaches to premieres. A mid-century literature of operas is clearly in the making, and a musicianly corps of singing actors is springing up to interpret them.

The first significant forward impulse in Italian opera since the death of Puccini would naturally be reflected, one would think, in the Italian record catalogues. But it is not. A vast gulf separates the record companies from musical developments in 1951. With extensive research I could not find on records a single excerpt from any postwar Italian opera. The orchestral and chamber works of the younger composers are not represented either. Although Luigi Dallapiccola has now become a ranking international celebrity, he has not received even the token recognition of a single recording. Ghedini, Petrassi, Peragallo, Vlad, and the other members of the liveliest postwar group of composers in Europe are all unknown men to Cetra, Italian Columbia, and Il Voce del Padrone (His Master's Voice, to you and me).

The magnificent Cetra-Soria record-

—*Photos from* Musical America.

Renata Tebaldi and Mario del Monaco—"a musicianly corps of singing actors."

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ings issued in the United States should mislead nobody about the extent and quality of Cetra's production in its home territory. It is the Soria half (the American half) of Cetra-Soria that has provided the initiative, and no doubt most of the capital, for the full-length operas that are pouring onto the American market. The more recent releases, such as Puccini's "Trittico" and Rossini's "Cenerentola" and "Il Barbiere," are not on the market in Italy. And since long-playing records are still unknown here, the earlier sets of "Norma" and "La Forza del Destino" are available only in cumbersome and expensive albums.

THE younger singers are ignored as pointedly by the record companies as the younger composers, except for three or four who have made discs for the English trade—Boris Christoff, Victoria de los Angeles, Paolo Silveri, Margherita Carosio. Cetra offers two superb records (afflicted with surface noise) by Maria Callas, whose dramatic coloratura in arias from "Norma" and "I Puritani" is a reincarnation of golden-age Bellini singing. Il Voce del Padrone has just released with a flourish of discovery a pair of "Sonnambula" arias sung by Alda Noni, a light soprano who is not one of the best of the crop. Only Mario del Monaco, a tenor who is beginning to command fees comparable to those of Gigli and Lauri-Volpi, has been able, among those who have come to prominence since the war, to carve himself a fairly large niche in the Voce del Padrone catalogue.

It is some compensation, however, that the Columbia and Voce del Padrone lists—the only distinguished ones in Italy at all—continue to serve as museums. Collectors of vocal records from the past will rub their eyes when they see the recordings that are still kept in regular circulation. La Argentina, Mattia Battistini, Gabriella Besanzoni, Toti dal Monte, Maria Galvany, Dusolina Giannini, Arangi-Lombardi, Rosa Raisa, and a host of others are still offered to Padrone's patrons. Columbia's list, which never appears to be increased except by importations from England and France, is even more fabulous, for hardly more than a handful of its artists are still before the public.

Both companies regard their ancient recordings of full operas as perfectly adequate, with the result that a good deal of notable singing is preserved, albeit on discs that are noisy and miles beneath present-day technical standards. To archivists I recommend the purchase of their wares. Everyone else can simply forget about Italian records and continue to pay attention to Cetra-Soria at home.

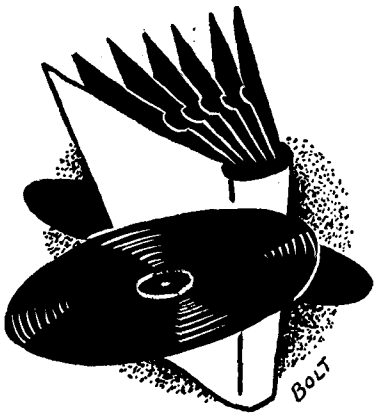
With a French Accent

TO JEAN-PHILIPPE Rameau has been attributed the remark: "Give me the *Holland Gazette*, and I shall set it to music." This peruked Frenchman, enveloped in the Age of Reason, kept always on the safe side of emotional largess. As a creative artist, especially as a musical elucidator of verbal text, he was "calm of mind, all passion spent." Not for him the ardent yearning of Schumann with his "sehnsucht und verlangen," nor the freighted terror of Schubert as the ghastly Doppelgänger smote his vision.

Just because Rameau felt no such obligation to identify himself with the poetry that fell his way, we need not *ipso facto* despise his unruffled music-making. But whether we can give ourselves over completely to his cool manner of expression is another matter. How, the man of 1951 would like to know, can Rameau depict the fate of Actaeon with such impassive phlegm? Initiates of Bulfinch will recall that it is Actaeon who incurs the displeasure of Diana and who is devoured by his own hounds after she transforms him into a stag. In telling us this sorry tale Rameau hardly once bothers to raise his voice. In truth, it might almost as well be the *Holland Gazette* that he has put to music.

"Diane et Actéon" and "L'Impatience," two secular cantatas from Rameau's younger days, have been recorded by Hugues Cuenod, tenor, assisted by Robert Brink, violin, Alfred Zighera, cello, and Daniel Pinkham, harpsichord (Allegro LP 3010, $5.95). The Swiss singer's delicate sense of style and his agile, musicianly vocalism are every bit as impressive here as in last month's Couperin offering from the same source. But these cantatas of Rameau, however charming and daintily tinted, are not to be compared to the "First Tenebrae Service" of Couperin, with its vaulted Baroque flamboyance.

In RECORDINGS for April Wanda Landowska referred to the successful outcome of the struggle to rehabilitate Couperin. Two battle trophies are on view this month: recordings of the four "Concerts Royaux" and a tasty selection from the Couperin harpsichord literature. The composer did not detail explicitly the instruments that were to perform his "Concerts," but it seems clear that the flute-cello-harpsichord trio of Phillip Kaplan, Samuel Mayes, and Erwin Bodky (Allegro LP 3013, $5.95) comes closer to Couperin's intentions than the more usual arrangements for string orchestra. Claude Jean Chiasson plays on a harpsichord of his own manufacture "Les Fastes de la Grande et Ancienne Ménestrandise," "Les Folies Françaises," the chaconne entitled "La Favorite," and the magnificent "Passacaille" (Lyrichord LP 12, $5.95). In the "Folies" I miss much of the discerning wit that Landowska brings to these vignettes. But pend-



ing the happy day when she will re-record for LP her famous Couperin recital, Chiasson's disc will do very well. The playing is in good taste and the reproduction of this sometimes recalcitrant instrument is excellently accomplished.

I have always thought Ravel's "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales" more effective in his own impeccable orchestrations than in the original versions for piano solo. Those of like opinion should be advised of an LP "first" for these ingratiating waltzes. Franz André leads the Brussels INR Symphony Orchestra in a well-paced interpretation and Telefunken has obliged with brilliant postwar sound (Capitol LP 8132, $4.98). Debussy's "Iberia" on the reverse makes this a combination hard to resist.

Frank Glazer's note-conscious feeling for the Ravel "Gaspard de la Nuit" (Polymusic LP 1005, $5.95) does nothing to erase memories of Gieseking. On the overside he is more successful with the less challenging "Suite Bergamasque" of Debussy. The Belgian soprano Suzanne Danco is represented this month with three Debussy song groupings: "Trois Chansons de Bilitis," "Le Promenoir des Deux Amants," and "Ariettes Oubliées" (London LP 336, $4.95). She is rather too prim for my taste in this music, though there is no denying the cool beauty of her voice before the microphone. I'd say Miss Danco is at her best in the "Bilitis" songs, "La Flute de Pan" and "Le Tombeau des Naïades" in particular. Good accompaniments are provided by Guido Agosti and perceptive annotations by E. C. Stone. —R. G.

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Third Period

BEETHOVEN: *Quartet in E flat, Opus* 127. *Pascal String Quartet.* (Concert Hall LP 1209, $5.95.) *Quartet in B flat, Opus* 130. *The same.* (Concert Hall LP 1210, $5.95.)

JUST last month the observation was made in these pages that "almost as if by common agreement the late Beethoven quartets have been placed 'off limits' in the latest phonographic era." But the LP repertoire continues to grow at such a dizzy rate that what holds true at one given moment may very well be invalidated four weeks later. With these recordings of Opus 127 and Opus 130 by the Pascal ensemble added to last month's Opus 132 by the Grillers, it is clear that the "off limits" sign has been removed. The reason for this tardy attention to Beethoven's "third period" chamber music and for the disproportionate early attention to his inconsequental E flat Octet is something for the historian of LP to ponder.

The Pascal Quartet belongs to the Franco-Belgian tradition of chamber-music playing, their style resembling that of the Pro Arte Quartet as it existed fifteen years ago. Because each player keeps his tone pure and thin, the ensemble manages to discourse with extraordinary clarity. To draw a parallel from painting, the Pascal's way of making music could be said to have considerably more in common with the cool transparency of Raphael than with the rich impasto of Van Gogh. It is a style always effective, redounding particularly to the benefit of both these difficult and complex works. As is often the case in interpretations of the late quartets, the sound in some of the most turbulent passages tends to get muddy. Otherwise the Pascal Quartet acquits itself with distinction, especially in the rollicking Presto movement from Opus 130 and the famous Cavatina from this same work.

Mention must be made of the first violin's wiry sound whenever the music mounts high above the stave. It is not quite clear whether this is chargeable to faulty reproduction or to M. Dumont's inherent tone. In either case, the debit is small compared to the asset of having this music in continuous form. —R. G.

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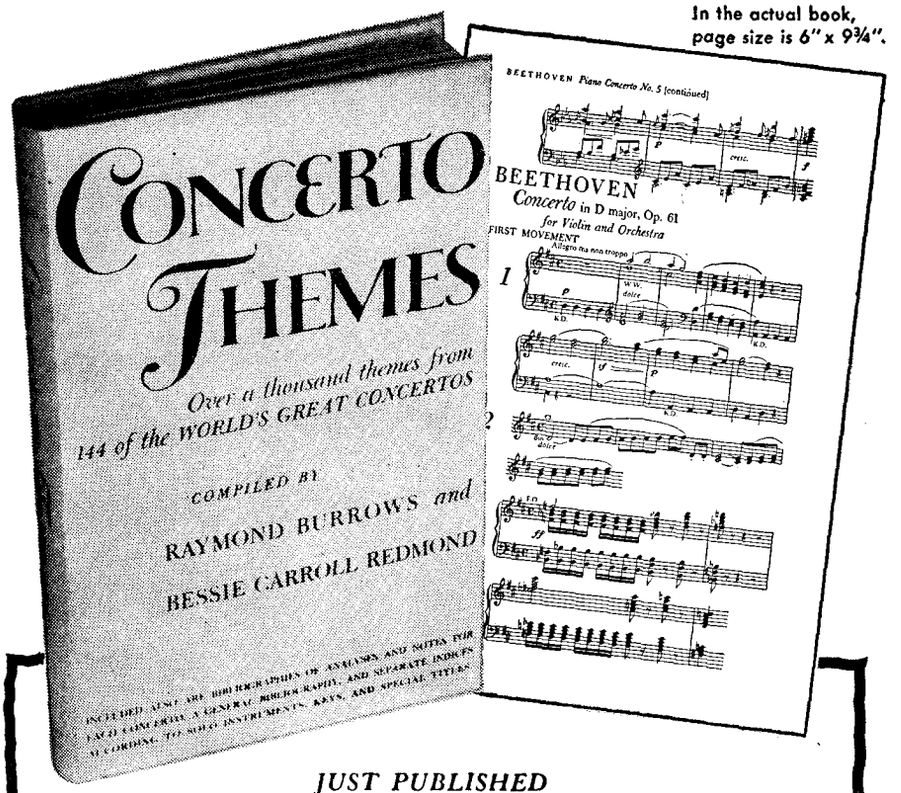
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Recordings in Review

Rachmaninoff Redivivus

RACHMANINOFF: *Twenty-four Preludes. Moura Lympany, piano.* (London LP's 328-9, $11.90.) *Fourteen songs. Maria Kurenko, soprano, with V. Pastukhoff, piano.* (Rachmaninoff Society LP 2, $5.95.) *Two Suites. Vitya Vronsky and Victor Babin, duo-pianists.* (Columbia LP 5379, $5.45.)

THE CONCERTED attention to Rachmaninoff of late from sources both partial and objective argues a vitality in his music which will withstand, without special pleading, the disdain professed for it in some quarters. It remains unquestionably and unmistakably his own, richly colored with the juices of his own personality, the distillation of epochs of Russian development.

I note with special interest the trend indicated above to homogeneous surveys of specific areas of his output. Not many in America realize that Miss Lympany has been over this ground once before, in a complete version of the Twenty-four Preludes made for English Decca before it emerged as London. She is a far more assured and purposeful interpreter now than she was then, with benefit especially to the lesser known of the sequence. Between the Scylla of the C sharp minor and the Charybdis of the G minor flows more than a little troubled water, which Miss Lympany negotiates in a way that invites one to follow.

Quite the strongest experience offered by the discs noted above is contained in the two Suites (replacing the duo's now-outmoded RCA issues), wherein Vronsky and Babin—performing in their best manner—have the boon of recording exceptional even in this period of improved piano reproduction. Perhaps it is the sonorous and grateful way in which the instruments are used that adds to the imposing effect, but the accumulating evidence of recent London and RCA Victor issues is that the piano is much more tractable than formerly, given adequate engineering skill. Each suite has a pattern of remarkably original thought tinged with echoes of other men (the "Russian Easter" section of Suite No. 1 is almost a paraphrase of certain passages in "Boris"), but those who admit that the appetite craves water as well as wine will find a welcome place for them in their musical diet. In some quieter portions this recording is just a sheer delight.

The song collections of Mme. Kurenko is another enterprise of the Rachmaninoff Society, which may soon find its private irrigation project for refreshing the dry soil of Rachmaninoff Valley supplanted by showers from natural sources. However, it is a big area, containing plenty of room for such sensitive cultivation as Mme. Kurenko achieves in "Daisies," "At Night in My Garden," "Melody," "Music," "On the Death of Linnet," "Arion," "Night is Mournful," "To Her," "The Rat Catcher," "A Dream," "A-Ou," "I Remember that Day," "I Ask Mercy," and the famous "Vocalise." Mme. Kurenko's voice is now thinner, more acidulous than of old, but her identity with this material is complete. Pastukhoff plays the elaborate piano parts well. The recording, though clean, is erratic in presence, further marred by a constant crackle of surface sound. English paraphrases of the Russian texts are offered.

More De los Angeles

WAGNER: *"Dich, teure Halle" ("Tannhäuser") and "Elsas Traum" ("Lohengrin"). Victoria de los Angeles with Philharmonia Orchestra directed by Anatole Fistoulari.* (RCA Victor 49-3213, $1.10.)

MOZART: *"Porgi Amor" ("Le Nozze di Figaro"); also* MASSENET: *"Adieu, notre petite table" ("Manon"). The same, with orchestra conducted by Walter Susskind.* (RCA Victor 49-3227, $1.10.)

SPANISH FOLK SONGS. *Victoria de los Angeles, with guitar accompaniment by Renata Tarrago.* (RCA Victor LP 63, $4.67.)

THIS further batch of De los Angeles discs sheds additional light on her capacities and puts an unexpected accent on Wagner. For reasons I couldn't speculate on, the Spanish songs—with all the charm of the material—are somewhat synthetic in sound, a regard for correct voice production and nuance taking precedence over full-hearted delivery. The open studio background also makes for a rather unintimate experience.

By contrast, Miss De los Angeles provides a vibrant, knowingly stylistic voice for Elisabeth and Elsa, with abundant tonal volume and full freedom in the top register. Moreover, her "Manon" excerpt has uncommon distinction in treatment of the musical and verbal text; there is a consideration for detail that leads the mind instinctively to such singing as Lucrezia Bori's. Vocally, De los Angeles has rarely sounded richer than she does in "Porgi amor," whose mood she comprehends wonderfully well. If she sings the remainder of the role this well her Countess should be something to hear. The operatic excerpts are reproduced much more satisfactorily than the songs.

Moura Lympany — "between Scylla and Charybdis."

Not So Great Lanza

VERDI: *"Questa o quella" from "Rigoletto," and eight other arias. Mario Lanza, with orchestra conducted by Constantine Callinicos.* (RCA Victor LP 1127, $5.72.)

AS MOST everyone knows, M-G-M is offering a film called "The Great Caruso," in which Mario Lanza, Philadelphia-born tenor, is impersonating as much of Caruso as the film ventures. The question naturally arises: Will anyone ever make a film called "The Great Lanza"? To judge from this sampling of his talents, the nays have it.

Lanza's normally robust and fine-textured voice has been tricked up by every device known to the acoustic trade—open, echoey hall, built-up volume level, uncommonly close microphoning—to make him more Caruso-like. What has been overlooked, however, is the matter of giving the young man a grounding in the style which Caruso eventually learned from Toscanini (for Verdi), from Puccini (for Puccini), and even from some respected coaches in New York for his great Eleazar in "La Juive." What we have in Lanza is a free-swinging, high-balling warbler who telegraphs all his punches and depends on the knock-'em-dead technique for all his effects.

Under some circumstances he might have come along to serious considera-

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tion—his high C could really blow out the gas, to recall a comparison of earlier days—but he seems destined for a glorious splurge of fame, fortune, and forgetting. I shed no tears for Lanza, but the memory of Caruso—and his art—deserves better. It's hardly possible to turn down the record to a point of ordinary audibility, which makes it fine for tracking down rattles in a speaker, anyway.

Stokowski's Sibelius

SIBELIUS: *Symphony No. 1. Leopold Stokowski and his orchestra.* (RCA Victor LP 1125, $5.72; 45-rpm album 1497, $4.90.)

WHAT has led Stokowski at this special moment back to Sibelius is difficult to say (his last recorded symphony was No. 4 in RCA Victor album 160!), but it is an occurrence of note not only for the conductor and the composer but also for the RCA Victor engineers, who have given a new and impressive account of their capacity. Whereas previous products of RCA's 34th Street studio have been striking for recordings emphasizing individual choirs of the orchestra and combinations of them in utmost clarity, this one has a superb homogeneity and fine correlation of elements as well as carefully adjusted balance. None of this would count for much were Stokowski's feeling for the music overstressed or distressed. I find it consistently reasonable and well-controlled, at the same time dramatically cogent and musically alert.

Sunkist Haydn-Handel

HAYDN: *Concerto in D. Alfred Brain, horn, with Janssen Symphony Orchestra conducted by Werner Janssen;* also HANDEL: *Concerto Grosso in B flat. Double Concerto in C. Same.* (Capitol LP 1837, $4.98.)

THOSE who fancy the Trumpet Concerto of Haydn as recorded by George Eskdale will be anticipating too much if they look for its counterpart in this oddity. It is a curiously formal — almost formula-plotted — work in which little of the composer's native vivacity and original turn of mind emerges. The California-settled member of the English Brain trust does his work with credit to the family name. Though there is fantastic virtuosity in the cadenza for the last movement, it is all more a stunt than a stimulant.

The two Handel works bear numbers 9 and 7 in the Seiffert Edition but are not included in the Opus 6 series of twelve. I don't rate either among the notable examples of Handel's genius, though they are in other respects worthy enough. The second (an interpolation in "Alexander's Feast") is the more absorbing, not least for the excellent playing of the solo cello parts by George Neikrug and Kurt Reher. Bert Gassmann is the oboe soloist in the B flat.

The whole venture suffers, I feel, from a rather lacerating rhythmic accent by Janssen, whose intentions are all honorable but sometimes administered with an excess of zeal. Even if the acoustical surroundings in which the record was made has something to do with the glassy, non-resonant sound of the strings, a more relaxed hand on the stick would probably have helped. Within the limits noted above the recording is excellent.

German-Silver Rose

STRAUSS: *"Der Rosenkavalier." Rudolf Kempe conducting the Saxonian State Orchestra, with Margarete Bäumer, Tiana Lemnitz, Ursula Richter, and Kurt Böhme.* (Urania LP set 201, $25.25.)

A JUDGMENT for or against this enterprise will turn on two things: how much the prospective purchaser likes "Der Rosenkavalier," and to what extent this kind of blemished performance satisfies his requirement vis-à-vis Strauss. In this kind of discussion the critic can only describe, he cannot recommend. For it may be $25 worth of one man's poison, and as much more of another man's meat.

In totality it stands between "Fidelio" and "Salome" as a specimen of the "tapes" which can be produced in Central Europe for relatively little money and processed in this country to make a profit on much less return than any domestic company could manage. It has a thoroughly able conductor; a first-class orchestra (larger, possibly, than in any previous "Rosenkavalier," of whatever length); up-to-the-minute recorded quality, though the balance is often faulty. It has one fine singer and artist—Ursula Richter, as near to Erna Berger's sound in Sophie as Dresden has produced since her departure, a better than good Ochs (Böhme), and two artistic singers who have only worn remnants of their best vocal quality to offer—Tiana Lemnitz and Margarete Bäumer.

I doubt that the latter's Marschallin would have started the tears in my eyes were she able to sing every note as her mind directs but her voice rejects. For the accent of pathos, of resignation, of worldly wisdom that makes or breaks this character is rather gruffly represented by Bäumer. She knows the part and its traditions but I can't believe that any Octavian —especially one so mature sounding as Lemnitz—would have been enticed by her. I find it hard to adjust a concept of the Lemnitz voice as we knew it to the often labored, woody - sounding tones in the lower register and the breathy top here, but every so often she sings an exquisite phrase (she is remarkably good in both phases of Act III) that makes one regret this perpetuation of her Octavian wasn't made ten years ago. Richter's quality I have indicated, and Böhme is a bumptious, sportive Lerchenau who has to skimp on high tones and protect his voice on low ones while bellowing quite normally elsewhere. An unexpected plus is the sumptuous-sounding Faninal (Hans Löbel), easily the strongest representative of the part—which turns out to be a very good one—that my experience recalls. Easily the worst in both respects is Werner Liebing who is, to abuse an old phrase, neither Italian nor a singer.

So it goes. Kempe has some good moments as conductor—especially in the orchestral preludes and in the interludes of Act III—and there is no fault to be found with the ensemble *per se.* The vocal level is vastly erratic, however, varying from excellent to awful. How much of the opera is included? Everything, my review of the score tells me, save a spot of two or three pages in Act II and two similar deletions in Act III. In each case they are repetitions of the boisterous noises associated with certain phases of Och's character, and could well have been struck out by Strauss himself. It is otherwise complete, at a length of three hours plus.

My verdict? At the stated price, the cost works out to about fourteen cents a minute. I'd gladly pay sixty times that for the best hour of the performance, but I'm afraid nobody has yet discovered a way to separate two voices on a recorded duet.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Reports from Europe

IRVING KOLODIN, music editor of *The Saturday Review*, is now in Europe. Beginning with the June 2 issue, his regular weekly column, MUSIC TO MY EARS, will feature on-the-spot coverage of European musical activity. During the next two months Mr. Kolodin will be filing reports from London, Glyndebourne, Amsterdam, Paris, and Perpignan.

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Recordings Reports: Classical LP's and Albums

See page 61 for Pop Roundup

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: "Chaconne," "Passacaglia," etc. Leopold Stokowski and his orchestra. RCA Victor LP 1133, $5.72.	A recent virtuous trend in this conductor is reversed by his gaudy distortions of Bach in re-recordings of the illustrious performances of old. We are pretty well inured to the idea of Bach transcription these days, but I haven't developed a tolerance to smudgy phrasings in the "Chaconne," or a teasing kind of dynamics and accentuations in the "Passacaglia." Remarkable recording.
Bach: Toccata and Fugue (D minor), Prelude and Fugue (D). Jeanne Demessieux, organ. London LP 319, $5.95.	There have been some impressive organ recordings of late, but this is clearly superior to all—as much a revelation as the first "Petrouchka." The organ itself (St. Mark's, N. Audley Street, London) is a rich-voiced beast whose roars and growls have been magnificently documented. Demessieux is unknown to me, but this is playing of eloquence, sobriety, and high scholarship. The second side offers two works of Franck: "Pastorale" (Opus 19, No. 4) and the A major "Fantaisie." An organ record which is not only for organ-fanciers.
Beethoven: Sonatas, Opus 109 and 110. Jorge Demus, piano. Remington LP 199-29, $2.19.	Save for noise inherent in the material used by this maker and less-than-the-best piano sound, this would be a worthwhile LP at "normal" prices and is decidedly attractive at the quoted figure. Demus is one of the coming pianists, who has put himself close to top rank with these finely controlled, well-conceived efforts. An LP first time for Opus 110, incidentally.
Beethoven: Sonata in C minor (Opus 30, No. 2). Jascha Heifetz, violin, and Emanuel Bay, piano. RCA Victor LP 60, $4.67.	The label says Heifetz, but the thin, almost scratchy tone hardly suggests the great man. The answer, I suppose, will be: "That's high fidelity for you." But do the bow noises and string buzzes which the performer hears reach the listener in the concert hall? I find rather forced, too, the effort of the player to shed his normal suave style for the purposes of this work, while Bay remains an accompanist at bottom no matter how loudly he plays.
Berlioz: "Symphonie Fantastique." Pierre Monteux conducting the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LP 1131, $5.72.	A splendid replacement for the previous version by Monteux as part of an RCA Victor program of re-recording well-regarded pairings of performers and repertory (see Bach above and Chopin below). However, I'd not urge any "Fantastique" on the reader until the rousing Munch conception is available for comparison.
Chopin: Four Scherzos. Artur Rubinstein, piano. RCA Victor LP 1132, $5.72.	A reward of merit for Rubinstein, whose notable series of Chopin albums began with these works, c.1935. The re-recording is *sui generis* blending complete technical and intellectual command with a mature emotion. The C sharp minor, for example, states the "grand manner" in piano performance as fully as it can be heard today. Splendid reproduction, too.
Dohnányi: Suite in F sharp, Opus 19. Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Columbia LP 2172, $4.	One by one the old favorites are asserting their power in the accumulating LP catalogue. The Wallenstein-Los Angeles was a poor recording at best, wherefore a double measure of thanks for Sargent's methodical, well-phrased attention to this amiable score, with its attendant virtues as sound.
Dvorak: Quintet No. 3 in E flat, Opus 97. Budapest Quartet, with Milton Katims, viola. Columbia LP 2173, $4.	Another of the "Spillville" Works, written during the composer's residence in that Iowa town (1893). It is a beauty, too, full of the Czechish rhythmic zest and major-minor mournfulness which Dvorak brought to America, only to have it dubbed "Indian," "Negroid," etc. Close to perfect playing by the Budakatims ensemble, reproduced with Columbia's customary excellence in chamber music.
Liszt: "St. Francis d'Assisi," "St. Francis di Paola," and six excerpts from "Années de Pélerinage." Wilhelm Kempff, piano. London LP 315, $5.95.	A triumphant reappearance for Kempff, whose prewar status as a musician is given a new luster of virtuosity by his masterful performances here. At that, Liszt's idea of St. Francis of Paola walking on the waters sometime submerges even Kempff's vast resources. The shorter works—"Gondoliera," "Au bord d'une source"—have rarely been better played. Fine piano sound.
Mozart: Concerto in B flat (K.595). Andor Foldes, piano, with Pro Musica Orchestra conducted by Arthur Goldschmidt. Vox LP 6810, $5.95.	The last, and one of the subtlest, of the Mozart concertos in a performance of excellent musicality and ensemble agreement. It will not notch any new standards as recording but it is quite acceptable considering the musical riches contained. The second side is filled out by Mozart's variation on Gluck's "Unser Dummer Pöbel Meint," artfully played by Foldes.
Palau: "Hommage à Debussy," etc. Jose Iturbi conducting the Valencia Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LP 1138, $5.72.	I can't say that the literary purpose of this essay would be apparent without its title, but it is a grateful *morceau* in any case, sharply delivered by the spirited ensemble conducted by Iturbi. Other new names from Valencia are Joaquin Rodrigo and Eduardo Lopez-Chavarri, authors respectively of a "Homenaje à la Temperancia" and an "Interior" from "Valencianos"—both of which would mean more did the annotator deign to translate their titles. Three dances from Falla's "Tricorne" and Iturbi's own well-made "Seguidillas" are included in the miscellany, which was made during an English visit last year. Clear, admirably detailed recording.
Sibelius: "Finlandia." Sixten Eckerberg conducting the Göteborg Symphony. Capitol-Telefunken LP 8138, $2.98.	Another of Capitol's "short" longplay discs, with Chabrier's "Espana" in a sound, but hardly Beechamesque, performance by Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt and the Berlin Philharmonic on the second side. The convenience of the arrangement is patent, but hardly warrants a price *higher* than the equivalent matter on 78-rpm sides. Typical prewar Telefunken sound.
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 5 in E minor. Sergiu Celibidache conducting the London Philharmonic. London LP 168, $5.95.	Another version of this work, especially one with the slow movement fractured mid-way for London's misconception of LP, would hardly seem an urgent need of the moment. It is impressive for the fine weight of sound conveyed, but Celibidache's conception is a sluggish one and the orchestra hardly dazzles. My copy had noisy surfaces.
Wagner: "Forest Murmurs" from "Siegfried." Hans Knappertsbusch conducting the Vienna Philharmonic, with Franz Lechleitner, tenor. London LP 290, $4.95.	Expressive work by the fine ensemble directed by Knappertsbusch, and contradictory vocalizing by Lechleitner. The timbre of the voice is rather dull, but he delivers an impressive amount of poetic meaning in clear German. Excellent microphoning in a very live hall enhance this and the overside version of the "Rienzi" Overture, which is more sober but of as much cumulative power as the recent Stokowski. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Verdi, Early and Late

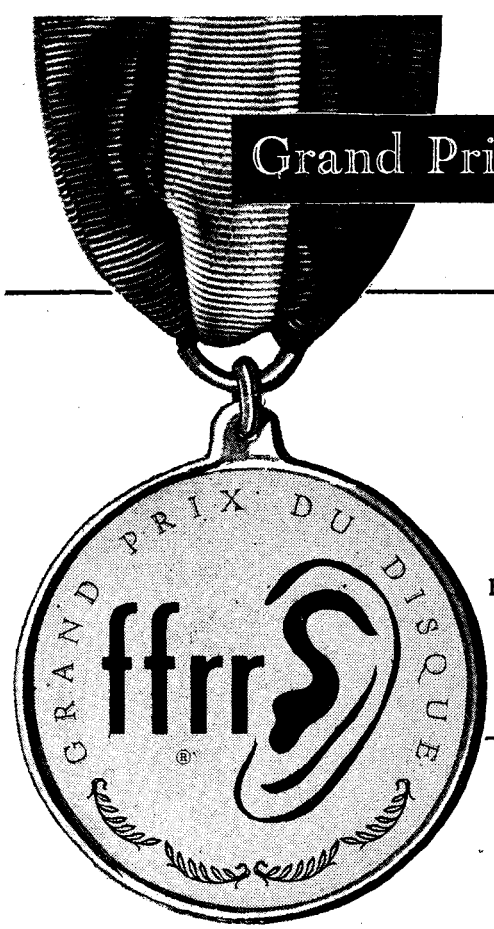
"NABUCODONOSOR" was Verdi's third opera. Usually known as "Nabucco" — the short Italian variant of the name Nebuchadnezzar by which the Babylonian king is addressed in the opera—it was composed in 1841, when Verdi was twenty-eight. It therefore followed the composition of his first opera, "Oberto," by five years, and antedated that of "Rigoletto" by nine. As a devoted Verdian who had never heard a complete Verdi score earlier than "Macbeth" (1846), I approached the first complete recording of "Nabucco" (Cetra-Soria LP set 1216, $17.85) with eager interest and some care. I confidently awaited touches of Verdi's melodic richness, expressiveness, and vigor, but I was not risking my enjoyment by demanding a masterpiece. Less than one record side convinced me that "Nabucco" is not only a far more integrated opera than "Macbeth," but is inferior to "Rigoletto" only in suppleness and variety of orchestral and harmonic means.

Temistocle Solera's libretto for "Nabucco" is admirable for its purpose. The few noticeable lapses of dramatic and musical taste in Verdi's powerful score do not materially diminish its over-all beauty and conviction. "Nabucco" is not Verdi at his most mature great, but it displays all the authority of young genius well advanced in the process of refining its own unique manner and craft. "Nabucco" is haunted throughout by "Norma," and especially by "Casta diva," but no one could mistake its explosive melodramatic crises and raw passions for the comparatively effete allurements of Bellini.

The recorded performance brings to "Nabucco" precisely the vigor and clarity of character projection which it needs. The singing is altogether adequate; the orchestra and choruses rise to the proper Italo-Biblical temperature; and the conducting of Fernando Previtali is both understanding and loving. As the king crazed by power, Paolo Silveri produces handsome sounds and realizes the range of madness, fall, and recovery. As the jealous Abigaille, Caterina Mancini is galvanic and musical except for a few shrillings. The other roles, carefully differentiated in personality, are handled ripely and well. As Fenena, the king's somewhat recessive daughter, Gabriella Gatti performs exquisitely.

Cetra-Soria has supplied "Nabucco" with good surfaces, an accurate Italian libretto, and a sensible English translation by Dale McAdoo.

Adding to its "Treasury of Immortal Performances," RCA Victor has transferred to four LP's (RCA Victor LP set LCT-6400, $21.80) the 1946 recording of "Aïda" issued earlier, on twenty 78's, as VM-1174/5. Conducted by Tullio Serafin, this Rome Opera performance bristles with star names: Maria Caniglia, Beniamino Gigli, Ebe Stignani, Gino Bechi, Tancredi Pasero, and Italo Tajo. The transfer to LP has been accomplished neatly in the main, but the performance is "immortal" only by fiat, Caniglia (Aïda) being in extremely bad voice and Gigli (Rhadames) being unable to disguise his fifty-six years. Still, it is good to have available on LP an "Aïda" managed by a conductor so stylistically sure, so aware of dramatic values, and so musically in the vein. And what a creative miracle "Aïda" was—and is! Twenty-nine years and twenty-one operas had intervened between "Nabucco" and "Aïda"—and still to come, in twenty-one more years, were "Otello" and "Falstaff." This, if you will, is truly a treasury of immortal performances. —HERBERT WEINSTOCK.



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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

THE LATEST record releases to appear in London shops are dominated by the Festival of Britain and by a Feast of Beecham, the latter title aptly describing the "Tales of Hoffmann" recorded from the sound-track of the Powell-Pressburger film. After the distinction of a world premiere at the Metropolitan Opera House, the film has now been shown here. Although its visual side has had a rather mixed reception, everyone has commented on the magnificence of the music. I have deliberately kept away from the film until now in order that I might approach the recording unhampered by pictorial associations. Considering the almost total absence of world-famous singers from the cast, this performance is extraordinarily good. And there are not many conductors in the world who can take a piece as hackneyed as the "Barcarolle" and make us hear it as for the first time.

The Festival of Britain, which was formally declared open on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral on May 3, has brought—as expected—a higher proportion than usual of music by native composers. Columbia's Anthology of English Church Music begun last year, has been enlarged by a further twelve records featuring leading church choirs; Canterbury Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, and King's College, Cambridge, are among those represented. The music goes back as far as John Merbecke, who in 1550 produced "The Booke of Common Praier noted," being the first setting to music of the English liturgy as authorized by the Act of Uniformity of 1549. Merbecke spent most of his working life as organist at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, yet his career had some stormy moments. In 1544 he was tried for heresy and condemned, though subsequently pardoned. Among the other composers represented in this anthology are such well-known names as Byrd, Gibbons, Weelkes, Purcell, S. S. Wesley, Stanford, Elgar, and Vaughan Williams.

After an absence of a few years Elgar's "Falstaff" has been restored to the recorded repertoire. This is a large-scale tone poem, almost in the Richard Strauss manner (it dates from 1913 and was undoubtedly influenced by Strauss) and remains one of Elgar's finest and most characteristic compositions. Sir Adrian Boult, who has in the past closely identified himself with this work, conducts the London Philharmonic on four HMV discs. William Walton's Violin Concerto has been heard much more frequently of late, and in view of the technical inadequacy of the previous recording it has now been remade with Heifetz (for whom the work was written) once more the soloist, supported on this occasion by the Philharmonia Orchestra under the composer's direction. This is a brilliant effort in every respect although Heifetz's playing has, if anything, become even more superficial in recent years. Yet a third contribution from HMV is one of Delius's lesser-known pieces, "A Song of Summer," sympathetically treated by Barbirolli and the Hallé Orchestra.

It was an excellent idea of Parlophone to give us the source and inspiration of one of the most popular works in the orchestral repertoire. Haydn's "St. Anthony" Divertimento for wind is a sprightly piece of open-air music the second movement of which was "varied" by . . . well you know who! With it comes a serene Mozart Adagio for English horn, two violins, and cello (K.580a), an unfinished work completed by Karl Haas. He is the conductor of the admirable London Baroque Ensemble, which is responsible for these two lovely discs.

I am told that anything bearing the name of Victoria de los Angeles is certain of wide sale in this country. Her latest coupling provides us with two more Granados songs, "El Majo Discreto" and "La Maja Dolorosa, No. 3," and the resultant record is, in my view, the most beautiful she has ever given us. As always she is supported by Gerald Moore, whose playing invariably sounds inspired when he joins forces with the Spanish soprano. Among the operatic discs is part of the "Good Friday" scene from "Parsifal" with Torsten Ralf and Ludwig Weber; competent but hardly inspired. Tito Gobbi renders a highly dramatic account of "Pari siamo" ("Rigoletto") but entirely fails to give us the true cantilena of "Di Provenza" ("Traviata"). Lastly there is the old firm of Pears and Britten in five "Old American Songs" arranged by Aaron Copland, charming and amusing settings among which "I bought me a cat" stands out as a winner all the way.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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Pop Roundup

NOTWITHSTANDING the ballyhooed "revival" of the dance band, good dance discs remain few and far between. There are always a few new sides for the swing set, but apparently slower tempi are taboo.

A fair balance has been struck by a Glenn Miller disciple in RALPH FLANAGAN FAVORITES (RCA WP-308). The tunes, all without vocals, are neither too fast nor too slow, and they include "My Hero," "Where or When," and a *fine* original, "Swing to 45." The same crew projects VERY GOOD ADVICE, from "Alice In Wonderland," with an inducive beat (RCA 47-4133). . . . More for tempo than for tune we recommend Tony Pastor's slowed-down MARY'S A GRAND OLD NAME (COL 39290). . . . Jerry Gray's insinuating instrumental FAREWELL BLUES (DEC 27570) has both ear and heel appeal, as has Ray Anthony's MR. ANTHONY'S BLUES (CAP 45-6251), despite two disconcerting screams at the outset. . . . A big ballad of the day, composed some eighteen years ago by Russ Columbo, is styled danceably by the Sonny Burke band. It's I'M YOURS TO COMMAND (DEC 27576). . . . Slightly brighter is Jimmy Dorsey's disciplined riff rendition of a featherweight BABY-O, BABY-O, with boy-girl vocal spells (COL 39258). . . . An outstanding issue in every respect is the Artie Shaw Gramercy Five coupling of DANCING ON THE CEILING and MY KINDA LOVE (DEC 27580). June Hutton flatters the quality lyrics, while Shaw contributes some of the most tasteful clarinet of his puzzling career.

Tropical Tempi: If you'd care to tangle with the tango you'll undoubtedly find the Continental variety easier to follow than the angular Argentine brand. The tunes are Latin but the treatment is typical of that old A & P gypsy, Harry Horlick, in his excellent TANGOS FOR TWO (M-G-M LP E-556; [45] K-39). The selections, including "La Cumparsita" and "Por Que?," will serve well as dinner music if you'd rather eat than dance. . . . Rumba specialist Noro Morales's period with M-G-M was not his most fruitful term of activity, but eight pleasant danceable sides have been gleaned from the 78-rpm catalogue to make up an LP, RUMBA WITH NORO MORALES (M-G-M E-537; [45] K-68). "Peanut Vendor" is included. . . . Among the singles Cugat's old-hat GREEK BOLERO (COL 39256) is a slow danceable beauty in the vein of "Miserlou." Far to the left we have the modernist Machito and his Afro-Cubans in a provocative HOLIDAY MAMBO (COL 39246).

Tempo bucolico: M-G-M is making a strong play for the rural dance market and should do well with SQUARE DANCES—CARSON ROBISON (M-G-M E-557; [45] K-5) this summer. The calls by Lawrence V. Joy are clear, loud, and inviting. Robison's up-state brand of music making is tuneful and rhythmically compelling. Unlike the western type these eastern squares don't require too much virtuosity.

Of Kings and Trees

The score that Rodgers and Hammerstein composed for THE KING AND I was quite evidently designed to serve the book rather than dominate the Hit Parade. Consequently Decca in its wonderful recording of the original cast (DL-9008) has been able to capture the atmosphere and continuity without the aid of dialogue. The voices of Gertrude Law-

(*Continued on page* 65)

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Spotlight on the Moderns

ARTHUR BERGER

IT IS inevitable for audiences to take pleasure in the music of Samuel Barber, and his current success in England—crowned by three orchestral works on London LP's—is just one more triumph in a career that has been an understandably flourishing one. At forty-one he is in the company of our top American composers. It is quite as inevitable for the experts, who are interested in the music's relation to the past and its potentialities for the future, to view a bit suspiciously its unproblematic nature. So polished a technique and such untroubled musicianship, both innate and highly cultivated, cannot fail to elicit the admiration of the expert and the envy of fellow composers. But at the same time there is the factor that these precious assets manifest themselves with such consistency precisely because he takes so few chances with them.

It is as if he felt that to make a mistake would be to let his audience down and disturb his well-ordered mind. This is a source of strength at the same time that it leaves us wishing he would struggle more with the musical medium. But to cast his music aside because it clings to well-travelled roads is too easy a way of dealing with it. Moreover, if we add to the three London records Columbia's "Knoxville: Summer of 1915" and take the long view, we get an encouraging impression of Barber's development.

It seems more usual these days for composers to find themselves caught in the labyrinth of musical complexity at the start, then to find their way out gradually as they get more control over the resources, carrying on their experiments in full view of the public. Barber presents the opposite case of the young man whose earlier procedures were the more obvious ones and who is gradually coming by a more striking style. These four LP's cover the years during which the full impact of this regeneration made itself felt. Right now he has just reached the point where we may anticipate his subsequent works with more than ordinary interest. At the same time there is good music in the four works, music in a sense that few men are writing it these days, music amiable to the ear. Where a specific function is to be served, as in the Cello Concerto of 1945 (London LP 332, $4.95) or the ballet of 1946, "Medea" (London LP 333, $4.95), it is served with thorough efficiency and skill. The concerto stands high among the available works for the cello, and in the hands of so excellent a soloist as Zara Nelsova the idiomatic writing for the instrument spins itself out like silk thread (with only occasional strands of coarser material because the recording sometimes picks up the extra sounds of the fingers' attack on the strings).

Samuel Barber—"amiable to the ear."

The Second Symphony of 1944 (London LP 334, $4.95) has a residue of Barber's earlier leaning towards the broad symphonic tradition of composers like Sibelius, but his revisions of 1947 reflect his remarkable advance in taste. By that year, too, he was capable of writing "Knoxville," a wholly integrated work that has a familiar ring only because through suggestion of folk material it establishes a home-spun atmosphere as American as an ice-cream soda (Columbia LP 2171, $4). This setting of James Agee's autobiographical prose is bound to stay in the repertory for some time, for there is no other work I can think of that praises the simple virtues in quite this sweet, disarming way. Its soloist, Eleanor Steber, has the little tear drops in her voice that seem to have become an integral part of it of late, as if singing were a constant struggle for her undeniably sympathetic voice. But her performance and that of the Dumbarton Oaks orchestra conducted by William Strickland come off well. The composer, conducting the New Symphony Orchestra on the

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London LP's, achieves fine results.

Unlike Barber, Hindemith formularized his style on a personal basis early in his career, but those who choose to ignore composing mastery have found an avenue of attack in his case too. His trouble is said to be not that he takes the well-traveled roads but that he takes his private road too often. At his most inspired he transcends any such consideration, and it is in this vein that his Symphony in E-flat (Columbia LP 4387, $4.85) opens with one of his most spirited motives, the impetus of which carries the brief first movement along at an exultant pace. As the work proceeds, it dawns on us that perhaps its composer was trying to win over the Shostakovich admirers so abundant around 1940, when it was written, and the consequent insistence works on me as an alienating force. The excess reverberation of the recording makes it hard to judge the performance of the Janssen Symphony of Los Angeles, but I suspect it is too muscular in the fast parts, and certainly the slow movement is drawn out. In any case the engineers do not seem to have taken the advantage of recording to do something about the overbearing brass, which may easily be a problem in Hindemith's music.

The same composer's sonatas for organ (Allegro LP 103, $5.45) are, by contrast, soothing to the ears. The recording experts have done well in conveying the sound of an instrument of uncommonly pure timbre, even though there is a bit of a wobble in sustained tones. These three lovely sonatas, played here by Robert Noehren, may well be treasured by organists, whose contemporary repertory is very scanty.

The LP of "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" by Lukas Foss (Lyrichord LP 11, $5.95) does little justice to its composer, as the piano accompaniment and the fairly rough performance of the After Dinner Opera Company sound rather like the "take" of a rehearsal. It is a forceful work, as outrightly American in feeling as anything any American composer has written (though less aggressively so than some earlier Foss). However, it points to the composer's gift for the theatre more than to the fruition of this gift, and it suffers in being transplanted from the stage. Rakov's Concerto for Violin (Griffin LP 1004, $4.85) is one of those works in the most obvious concerto tradition that sound as if they have been whipped up for a Hollywood movie. The recording of this Soviet chestnut has no other virtue than to acquaint us further with the top-flight violinism of the Soviet virtuoso, David Oistrakh.

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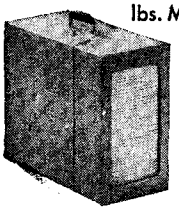

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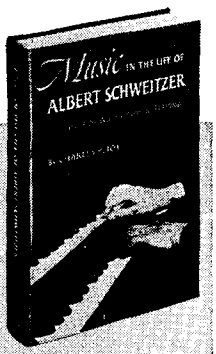

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"Liveness," the compound effect of multiple room reflection upon played music, is—if you wish—a distortion of "pure" music; but it happens to be a distortion essential to naturalness of sound. Without it music is most graphically described as "dead." Liveness fertilizes musical performance, seasons and blends and rounds out the sound, assembles the raw materials of overtone and fundamental into that somewhat blurred and softened actuality that is normal, in its varying degrees, for all music. Disastrous experiments in "cleaning up" music by removing the all-essential blur long since proved to most recording engineers that musicians really do like their music muddied up with itself, reflected. Today recording companies go to extraordinary lengths to acquire studios, churches, and auditoriums (not to mention an assortment of artificial, after-the-recording liveness makers) in order to package that illusively perfect liveness.

But liveness is not easily delivered to you alive and natural. Liveness, remember, is reflection; therefore in its natural state liveness reaches your listening ear from many directions. Indeed, from every direction *except* that of the actual musical source that you see straight in front of you. Moreover, consider that liveness is literally added to the music *after* it is played. It reaches you late, by a million detours, like thunder after lightning. In a really reverberant hall only a tiny bit of the direct, unreflected beam of sound comes to you in a bee line; practically all the music is detoured. It's not hard to test this out in an actual concert, if you'll close your misleading eyes. Try cupping your hands about your ears, first forward, then backwards. You'll find scarcely any difference. Better still, stop up one ear (thus destroying the directional sense of two ears) and cup with the other. You'll be astonished, for wherever you may aim the sound is the same. The concert comes as much from behind you as from in front. A good musical sound comes from almost anywhere but where you think.

What, then, of reproduced music? Liveness being essential for music in any form, somehow or other we must approximate it in our own homes. Simple, you say. Just set up a mike and record it, along with the music. That's what is done, of course. But there are complications, as perhaps you already can see. What of the listening room's own reflective power? Clearly, music from your phonograph is subject to the same sort of reflection in your room that made the original liveness. If it is of significant proportions (and it often is), then we have liveness compounded upon liveness. Double liveness, double trouble. The musical balance is upset, the sound is unnatural—and we blame the record.

Then perhaps a "dead" listening room, well cushioned, draped and rugged, is the answer? The sound would then reach you direct fom the speaker, liveness and all, unharmed by predatory room reflections. But, alas, it doesn't work. For, remember, liveness in its natural state never comes direct from the musical source itself. Therefore a so-called "point source," such as a loud-speaker, turns the recorded liveness—however faithfully transcribed—into a meaningless contradiction that the ear is utterly loath to accept. Sounds terrible. And again we blame the record.

What to do, then? One quick mind suggests the ideal solution—record all music in padded-cell studios, entirely "dead." Play all records in specially chosen listening rooms with fine musical acoustics thus adding all the liveness in its natural form (coming from all directions) at the moment of reproduction. Wonderful, if impractical! With such a plan music could be seasoned to taste with liveness; each room would impart its peculiar flavor, and the same recording could take on as many different guises as music-in-the-flesh in our varied halls and studios. Results would in truth be extraordinarily interesting, I can guarantee, though no home short of the baronial would do for the avid collector's liveness needs.

Indeed, I heard by accident (and was tricked by) just such an effect. A test recording, submitted for approval, was played with gorgeous results in a large public room containing a convenient machine. Every listener there—as would you—assumed that the quality of sound was in the recording; whereas in point of fact, as we later discovered, it was entirely in the room! The record itself was horribly "dead."

What's happening to your records in your own living room? Better investigate.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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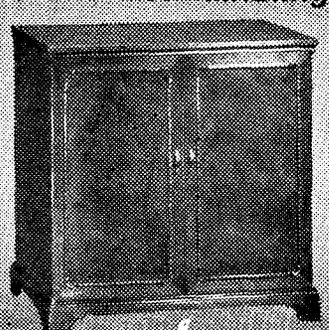

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POP ROUNDUP

(*Continued from page 61*)

rence, Doretta Morrow, and Larry Douglas are thoroughly pleasing—in fact, Miss Lawrence is delightful—and anyone who saw the show will be quite happy with the minor disc efforts of Yul Brynner and Dorothy Sarnoff. . . . RCA Victor has mustered some strong name power in a worthy competitive LP effort (RCA LK-1022; [45] WK-30). Undoubtedly most of the singing—by Robert Merrill, Tony Martin, Patrice Munsel, and Dinah Shore—is superior to the original, and if the single songs were more divisible from the whole this would be our choice. But the original orchestrations and stage directions tip the scale in favor of Decca.

The Schwartz-Fields songs for A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN sound to us like first-rate musical comedy fare. The distinguished writers have included a few tavern tunes, required by the book, but have also come through with two beautiful and heart-warming love songs comparable to their greatest efforts in the past. The original-cast LP (COL ML-4405; [45] A-1000), with Marcia Van Dyke, Johnny Johnston et al, is a must for anyone who sees the show. But Columbia has issued single pop versions of our favorite songs, and we prefer these to the originals. They are Alan Dale's I'LL BUY YOU A STAR (39302) and Jo Stafford's MAKE THE MAN LOVE ME (39301).

Piano Platters

Columbia has accelerated the pace of its keyboard issues, and the Piano Moods Series now numbers about fifteen LP sets. Virtually every pop style extant is represented. Erroll Garner, who sells well on more than twenty labels, has apparently come to roost at Columbia, where he has been favored with better recording than elsewhere. Evidence is at hand in ERROLL GARNER GEMS (CL-6173; [45] B-244). . . . There's more of the modern jazz style than one would expect from successful society pianist BILL CLIFTON (CL-6166), who executes such worthies as "Down the Old Ox Road" and "Let's Fall in Love." . . . Jazz when played on the piano has far greater acceptance, it seems, than when played by other instruments. EARL HINES (CL-6171), a sampling of work by an all-time jazz great, should appeal to most piano patrons. The master's own "Rosetta" is present, along with a moody, imaginative "These Foolish Things."

—BILL SIMON.

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A Mozart Miscellany

ACCUMULATING evidence—and there is plenty of it—strengthens the belief that as concerns the writing of such prolific composers as Mozart and Haydn formulated opinions of worth are quite valueless. Listening for the first time to such splendid works as the Serenade in D (K.100) and the "Cassation" in G (K.63) played by the Zimbler Sinfonietta (Decca LP 8520, $4.85) or the "Serenata Notturna" in D (K. 239) by the same ensemble (Decca LP 8522, $4.85) gives one a crushing realization of the off-hand way in which authentic masterpieces have been dismissed simply because the conventions of musical performance have changed since they were written. In the home, free from any concern whether the performances will "draw," the music lover can order his own musical existence. Works such as these, in performances of high polish and sure animation, will add much to it.

At first glance, seven brief overtures of Mozart on a single LP would seem a dubious pleasure, but the sampling of them proves otherwise. I wouldn't swear now that I could tell the "Apollo et Hyacinthus" (K.38) from the "Finta Giardiniera" (K.196) were I to rehear them, but the sequence in which they are performed by the National Gallery Orchestra under the direction of Richard Bales actually adds up to a suite of well-contrasted movements (WCFM LP 3, $5.95). The conductor has a more pronounced feeling for this material than he did for the Handel "Water Music" recently reviewed, and the expert playing of the ensemble is more successfully reproduced. Included, in addition to those mentioned, are "Lo Sposo Deluso" (K.430), "Il Re Pastore" (K.208), "La Finta Semplice" (K. 51), "Mitridate" (K.87), and "Lucio Silla" (K.135).

Most music lovers versed in record lore have a better evaluation of the symphonies between Nos. 25 and 36 than those dependent on the handouts of virtuoso conductors. Here in a single batch is an opportunity for revaluation of six of them—and the nearest thing to a virtuoso conductor involved is Herbert von Karajan, whose playing of No. 33 (B flat, K.319) is grouped on a Columbia LP (54370, $5.45) with the "Kleine Nachtmusik" and the C minor Adagio and Fugue (K.546). This is rather more of a miscellany than I care to recommend, but the symphony is skilfully played and well reproduced, save for a heavy bass. The "Kleine Nachtmusik," as those who remember the 78's know, is done in big-orchestra style, with consequences sometimes ponderous.

Two pairings decidedly more recommendable are London's presentation (LP 286, $5.95) of the "Linz" (No. 36), done by Karl Böhm and the Vienna Philharmonic, and the No. 29 in A (K.201), by the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande directed by Peter Maag, and Mercury's coupling of Nos. 25 in C minor (K.183) and 28 in C (K.200), the first by the Bavarian Radio Orchestra conducted by Rudolf Albert, the second by the Munich Philharmonic directed by Kurt Eichhorn (LP 10032, $4.85). London has the expectable edge in suave sonority and efficiency of processing, in addition to which Maag makes a favorable impression with his treatment of the lively No. 29 and Böhm adds to his repute with a fine workmanlike version of the "Linz." Unfortunately, the tympani in the first movement of the "Linz" are disastrously disproportionate to everything else. Scratchy string tone and muddy detail are blemishes of the Mercury disc, to the point, indeed, at which they are unlistenable. The performances *per se* are good, especially the vital one directed by Albert. Capitol has been more successful in adapting the Hans von Benda-Berlin Philharmonic version of No. 32 to LP. If no triumph of beautiful sound, it is agreeable enough. Its partner on LP 8131 ($2.98) is Wolf's "Italian Serenade" with Joseph Keilberth directing the German Philharmonic of Prague.

—I. K.

* * *

AS A POSTSCRIPT to the above report, which was written before the editor's departure for Europe, should be added two further Mozart LP's received shortly before press time.

From a letter written in his twenty-first year we know that Mozart was much taken with the pianofortes manufactured by Johann Andreas Stein, of Augsburg. Anyone curious to know the cause of Mozart's enthusiasm should be referred to Allegro LP 3012 ($5.95), which features the Sonata in C (K.309) as performed by Erwin Bodky on a restored Stein instrument. In quality of sound the Stein pianoforte lies midway between the harpsichord and modern piano, with a brittle bass and a sweet, harplike treble. Its potentialities as a medium for Mozart are difficult to judge from this recording, for Bodky translates the score in a heavy-footed, musicological manner. What a Landowska or a Schnabel might achieve with the instrument is another matter. Several shorter keyboard works make up the reverse side, including the noble Adagio in B minor (K.540) and a fragment from an unfinished piano sonata in G minor.

Much of the Stein pianoforte's "chaste" quality can be reproduced on a modern concert grand, given the proper touch and a determination to restrict dynamic contrasts. In her recording (R-E-B LP 4, $5.95) of two early Mozart sonatas, C major (K.279) and F major (K.280), Florencia Raitzin plays the piano as if Beethoven never had been (much less Chopin or Liszt). Her performances are poised, imaginative, and delicately shaded. Miss Raitzin does great credit to her teacher, Wanda Landowska, who worked out the ornamentation for the slow movements of each sonata. The adagio of K.280 gives further evidence that the Köchel catalogue is filled with unsung masterpieces.

—R. G.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

The Chicken or the Egg

SIR: I have read with interest Irving Kolodin's article in the May RECORDINGS about the various methods of recording operas, as exemplified by the recent releases of "Carmen," "Tales of Hoffmann," and "The Girl of the Golden West." In this connection I should like to emphasize that we do not merely "take off the air" radio broadcasts. The Cetra Company in Italy and the Italian Radio Network (RAI) are sister companies, a situation very similar to that of CBS and Columbia Records or of NBC and RCA Victor. In planning a year's schedule, Cetra and RAI consult each other and formulate a program of production which has a twofold purpose: to give a series of opera broadcasts of special interest for the Italian public, and to include in this series a number of operas to be simultaneously recorded and eventually released on the Cetra-Soria label.

There is an enormous difference between what you refer to as "reproducing records from a radio broadcast" and what we actually do. It is the same old story; which comes first, the chicken or the egg—the broadcast or the recording? In our case, are we broadcasting a recording session or are we recording a broadcast?

It seems to me that the difference between our method of recording and the one used exclusively for recording purposes narrows down to one element only—the presence of an audience. Not all radio performances of RAI are given before audiences, but *we* have an audience at our performances because we want an audience there. We have come to the conclusion, through experience, that only with an audience does an artist give a warm and inspired performance.

Cetra-Soria does not depend on one performance only. We record the actual performance and also the dress rehearsal. This gives us the opportunity to select the best portions of the two "takes" for ultimate release. Finally, after the recording session and broadcast are over we can always remake—as we occasionally do—such portions of the opera as may not be completely satisfactory.

DARIO SORIA,
Cetra-Soria Records.
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It is a pleasure to let Mr. Soria give his side of the matter. However, the evidence of our ears still tells us that nothing quite equals the perfection of a first-rate studio recording made expressly for the purpose of home listening. Further information on Cetra-Soria's Italian operations is to be found on page 53.*

RCA's Treasury

SIR: As one of the postwar generation of record collectors, I welcome RCA Victor's Treasury Series as an opportunity to acquire and become familiar with many of the great performances of the past. Perhaps we can expect that Victor will process for LP some of the fine lieder performances of Elena Gerhardt. A "Gerhardt Singing Schubert" recital would serve to remind us that there was once a Golden Age of lieder as well as of opera.

WILLIAM SHANK.
Hollis, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We second the motion, with the added suggestion that attention might also be paid to Elisabeth Schumann and Lotte Lehmann.*

"Wozzeck" for Posterity

SIR: Regarding the magnificent performance of Alban Berg's "Wozzeck" by the New York Philharmonic, may I add my vote for an immediate transference onto LP of either of the two performances that were said to have been taped. And while on the subject, why not LP transfers of other great performances by the New York Philharmonic? Surely CBS has tapes of these on hand. I mean such things as Ravel's "L'Heure Espagnole" and Milhaud's "Les Choephores" (both under Mitropoulos), Mahler's Eighth Symphony (under Stokowski), or Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis" (under Bruno Walter).

MARTIN SILVERBERG.
Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The complete "Wozzeck" will be released sometime next winter on two LP's. Columbia will process and distribute the recording, and all proceeds of the sale will go for the benefit of the New York Philharmonic Pension Fund. Whether the other performances mentioned by Mr. Silverberg can be brought out on LP is doubtful. Any large enterprise involving many singers is apt to breed contractual difficulties. In the case of "Wozzeck" these were waived, inasmuch as only the Pension Fund will profit from the sale. Also, the "Wozzeck" performances were taped by Columbia Records with the express view of possible LP transfer. There seems to be some question whether CBS broadcast tapes would provide as good results.*

Bouquet for Dumesnil

SIR: Congratulations on René Dumesnil's article, "The Auvergne of Joseph Canteloube" [April RECORDINGS]. This is one of the finest articles of its type I've ever had the pleasure of reading, and I've filed it in my Madeleine Grey set of records for future reference.

KEITH MARVIN.
Troy, N. Y.

Patience for "Patience"

SIR: I should like to know if and when London Records plans to issue Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience."

D. V. BRYAN.
Minneapolis, Minn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *According to present schedules, London will release the complete "Patience" sometime this fall. It will, of course, be recorded by the D'Oyly Carte company.*

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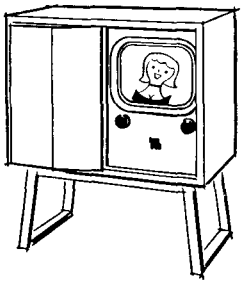

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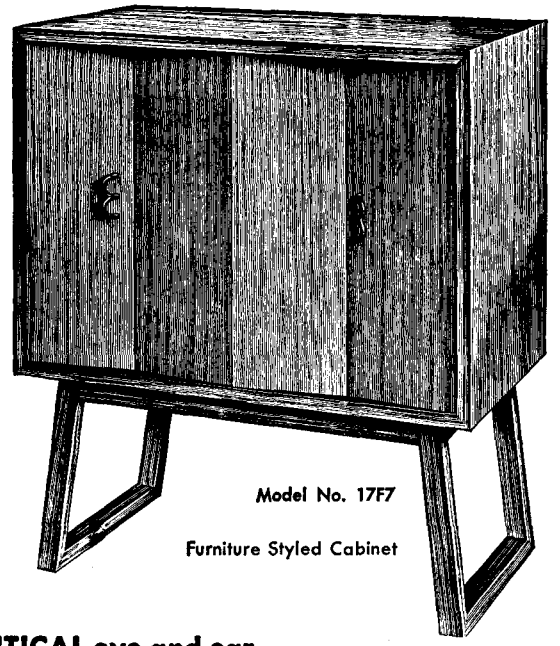

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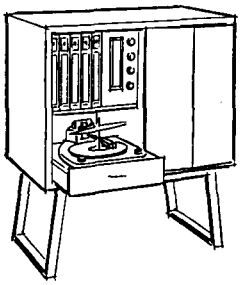

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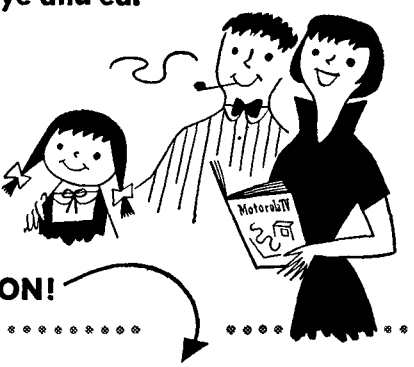

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